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SEASONABLE PROVERBS.—There are proverbs extant which illustrate opinions with regard to weather, and these are generally accepted and quoted without question:

"April and May are the keys of the year."
"A May flood never did good."
"A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay,
But a swarm in July is not worth a fly."
"If on the eleventh of June it rain,
It foretells a wet harvest, men sain."
"If the second of July be rainy weather,
'Twill rain more or less for four weeks together."
"A hot May makes a fat churchyard."
"A snow year, a rich year."
"Winter's thunder and summer's flood
Never boded a farmer good."
"A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning,
But a rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight."
"If the sun rise red and fiery, wind and rain."

The Buried Seed.

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed lightly in a far-off land,
Two thousand years ago the seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Savior came to earth
That man had lived and loved and died,
And even in that far-off land
The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set; years came and went;
The dead hand kept its treasure well.
Nations were born and turned to dust
While life lay hidden in that shell.

The shrivelled hand was robbed at last,
The seed was buried in the earth,
When, lo! the life, long hidden there,
Into a glorious flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low,
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed
And kept the life within its shell,
When those he loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will not He from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye! though it sleep two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we wear,
Only more glorious far will rise
To meet the Savior in the air,

Then will I lay me down in peace
When called to leave this vale of tears;
For in my flesh shall I see God,
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

SUMMER SWEETINGS.

"You might take a basket of those summer sweetings down to Widow Small's, Bert."

"Yes, mother mine, if you say so."

"It won't take you ten minutes."

"No? Where does she live?"

"Follow the orchard wall, and turn down Lover's Lane, and it's the first cottage on your left—so the servants tell me; I've never been there."

Bert took the basket and followed directions, and just as he reached the first cottage on the left, the door opened and out tumbled ten or a dozen children of all ages.

"Is this the widow Small's?" he asked of a dimpled young person who stood just inside watching the children's gambols.

"Yes," said the sweetest voice in the world, while two luminous eyes met his—"yes, this is the widow Small's."

"My mother, Mrs. Greaterex, sends her these summer sweetings."

"Oh, thank you! Tell Mrs. Greaterex that there is nothing I like so well as summer sweetings."

She sent them with her compliments," said Bert, fibbing awkwardly, but feeling that he owed an apology to this vision of loveliness for having thought of her as an old woman in a mob cap.

"Your mother is very kind. Won't you come in and see my flowers?"

"Yes, I will. Are these your children?" he asked.

"They are my little scholars. You must have mistaken me for the old woman who lived in a shoe!"

"Do you take care of all these flowers yourself?" he asked, while she pointed out her favorites. "What a poetical employment!"

"Oh, it is not poetry, it is poverty that moves me," she replied. "I make them into bouquets to sell. Let me give you these for your button hole."

"Thanks; and I will order a bouquet of you every day."

"Oh, I shall grow as rich as Crœsus. You are too generous. One of my little scholars shall take it to you."

"No; if you please, I will come for it myself."

"Certainly. It is time for me to ring my bell now; recess has been over these five minutes."

"I suppose that is a hint for me to be gone. I wish I was a little chap in your primer class! Good-by, you will see me to-morrow."

"Where have you been, Bert?" said Caroline; "the carriage has been waiting this half hour."

"I carried some apples to the widow Small's," answered the guilty Bert. "Mother sent them."

"Oh, did you? Has she any children?"

"There were half a dozen or more playing about the premises," answered Bert, smiling.

"Poor folks always have such a lot. Does she have to take care of them herself?"

"That seemed to be her occupation."

"It must be disagreeable to be old and poor too; to lose your color, and see your face fretwating into your head, your skin growing yellow and wrinkled, and your hair getting gray. Is she an awful old fright, Bert?"

"You had better go and see for yourself, laughed her brother, "your taste is so different from mine. That new panier, for instance, which you wore yesterday, and thought so stylish, is simply hideous to me."

"Oh no. I hate the neighborhood of poverty and trouble; squalor gives me a qualm. No; I will send her some of my old gowns—without paniers—if you think she'd like them, but don't ask me to go and see her." And then they drove round and called on the Upton girls, and Caroline lost sight of the poor widow and her large family in discussing the new polonaise and the latest style of chignons. But Bert made amends for his sister's shortcomings. All the time that he chatted with Maria Upton, holding her scarlet yarns and saying gallant nothings, he was comparing her with the widow Small, and finding flaws in her beauty and demeanor. Only yesterday he had thought Maria Upton the prettiest girl in the world, with whom it would not be difficult to get madly in love, but just now she seemed full of affectations.

"What is on your mind?" she asked, suddenly. "Excuse me, but you don't appear like yourself."

"Nor you either," he might have replied. "So much the better, perhaps," he said instead.

"Allow me to judge about that. Come, what good have you done since yesterday?"

"Good! Oh yes; I carried a basket of summer sweetings to the Widow Small. Isn't that good?"

"Sweetings are good. She's quite an antiquity, this widow, isn't she?"

"Don't ask me; a lady's age is a sacred subject."

"Poor soul! Does she wear a false front piece and glasses?"

"Is that an index of age? I know a heap of folks whom I never supposed aged who wear false fronts, if it means that they smile when they would rather frown, and say 'I am glad to see you' when they wish you in the Red Sea.

"Oh, how provoking you are, Mr. Greaterex! But perhaps you will tell me if this widow Small needs assistance—if she would like to go into the 'Old Ladies' Home which our society is about to establish."

"How benevolent minded you are, Miss Maria!" Bert langed. "I almost wish myself an old lady to be provided for by your charity; but I don't believe that Mrs. Small would take kindly to it." And then the talk wandered into other channels. Yesterday their flirtation had been in danger of falling into a more tender strain; to-day the widow Small preserved the equilibrium. But Miss Upton had no mind to give up ground once gained. She fancied that he wished to withdraw from the half-conclusions of the day before—that he desired to balance the past account, which made up a pretty sum total of sugared speeches and half-uttered declarations, by crediting them all to friendship. There was an air of indifference about him which she greatly mistrusted; but she would not allow him to slip through her fingers so easily. Publicity of private affairs was the bugbear of the Greaterex soul: had she not received enough fragrant notes and letters from Bert to answer her purpose? Not that she would descend to the vulgur necessity of a breach of promise, but where was the harm of making him understand that he was compromised?

"I have been reading Madame Sevigne's correspondence," said she; "and it strikes me that you resemble each other in possessing the secret of fine letter writing, when most people run into twaddle."

"I don't know how to bear myself under such a burden of praise. I feel that it is undeserved.

"In order to convince you of its truth, perhaps I had better allow you to reperuse a few specimens that I have from one Mr. Berthold Greaterex. See! here they are;" unlocking a cabinet and showing a goodly parcel tied with ribbon.

"Did I write you all those?" said Bert, aghast. "Let me see them."

"What are they?" asked Caroline, withdrawing her attention from the styles for an instant. "Oh! love-letters!"

"Love-letters?" repeated Maria. "I don't know.—Were they, Mr. Greaterex?" aside.

"I don't remember," said Bert. "Let me read them, and I'll decide."

"I don't dare trust you. People have a way of burning up their old letters if they can lay hands upon them. Now perhaps I'm silly and sentimental, but mine are worth something to me. By the way, Mr. Greaterex, did you ever go into court when there was a breach of promise case on? Jerome took us in once, when they were reading the love letters, and it was so funny! Everybody was convulsed. They were very nice letters too!"

Bert turned a little pale. He vaguely remembered that at different periods he had believed himself seriously "smitten" with Maria's charms, and had, no doubt, written in a strain becoming a lover, but how ardently or how explicitly he could not recall. He knew that there had been a breach-of-promise case away back in the experience of one of his ancestors; and the case had gone against him, yet he had never fully recovered the tone of his sensibilities, which had received such a shock.

"Give them to me," said Bert reaching his hand for them.

"Will you give me any thing in return of equal value? Will you give me the nosegay in your button-hole?"

"It is beginning to fade. No, Miss Upton."

"Come into the garden, and I will give you a fresh one.

"Thanks."

He followed into the garden, where she made a selection, and throwing Mrs. Small's gift aside, put her own in its place. When she had finished he picked up the faded flower and pressed it into his pocket-book.

"Oh," said Maria, a souvenir, some——" The words broke off in her throat. "Who gave it to you?" abruptly.

"The Widow Small," said Bert smiling.

"Come you are teasing me. You shan't see a single letter; and they are ever so interesting!"

"How could they be otherwise when you were the subject?"

And then Caroline called to them that she was going home, and the conference ended.

So it was that Bert temporized, with that dreadful hint of letters being read in court for the diversion of the towns-folk hanging over his head. Had he been quite certain of their contents he might have defied them; but he was aware that a young man in the first enthrallment of fancy allows his enthusiasm to run away with his prudence. But all this did not prevent him from going daily to Mrs. Small's for his bouquet, which, by-the-way, he sometimes carried to Maria Upton, a sacrifice to Nemesis; and these daily calls at the cottage in Lovers' Lane became like daily bread to the hungry. He lived for them, counted the hours till it was time to set forth, prolonged them till the hostess was fain to spread her little tea-table and invite her guest to drink nectar from china and to taste ambrosia home-made. Sometimes when the nights were warm they took tea in the little arbor, with roses nodding in at the archway, and honeysuckles climbing the lattice, and mignonette spicing the dewy air; and there the moon would find them, listening to the sleepy notes of thrushes in the hedge, or talking of the dim, delicious future as if it were some enchanted land toward which they were journeying together.

One evening as she bade him good-night on her door step, he felt her hand tremble in his.

"What is it?" he asked. "Did you see a ghost among the plum-trees?"

"Something startled me. I saw—I thought I saw a face among the shrubberry."

"Whose face?"

"Oh, perhaps I was mistaken. It was a shadow projected from my fancy may-hap."

"You are getting nervous, little one. You must not live here alone."

And the next evening when Mr. Greaterex loitered to the cottage, he found she had followed his advice; the doors of the house were closed, and play cards "To Let" were in the windows. The widow Small had vanished like the genius in a fairy story. Mr. Berthold Greaterex was beside himself, and ready to brave any thing in Maria Upton's power. What did a promise signify in comparison with losing his love? Let those laugh who win

Somebody had seen a person answering to the description of Mrs. Small take the noon train for New York that day. Bert followed without more delay, wasted a week in hanging about the city before he betook himself to the house of his friend Mrs. Aberneth, in the suburbs. One afternoon, as he was turning over some engravings in the parlor with Kate Aberneth, little Charlie burst into the room in tears, sobbing out that,

"Miss Van Orme's gone and dead herself—in the school-room! Charlie didn't do it! Charley only said, 'Mr. Greaterex is courting sister Kate in the parlor, Miss Van Orme,' and Mary said, 'Hush, you silly boy;' and Charlie was mad, and told that ma said so herself, and threw the primer at Mary; and then Miss Van Orme looked all white like and shut her eyes, and won't talk; and Mary said, 'Now you've done it, Charlie!' Did Charlie?"

"Oh, you horrid boy!" cried Kate Aberneth. "You are always in mischief. I suppose Miss Van Orme has fainted. Go and tell mamma."

"Who is Miss Van Orme?" asked Bert.

"Only the nursery governess. We do have such a bother with them. One has a temper, another has headaches, and now, when we thought we had got a jewel, here she is fainting!"

"I think we ought to try and revive her," said Bert, taking Charlie's hand, while Kate led the way. But when they reached the school room Miss Van Orme had recovered her senses, and was sitting in an arm chair, while Mary vigorously fanned her pallid face.

"For mercy's sake, what made you faint, Miss Van Orme?" cried Kate. "You almost threw Charlie into convulsions."

Miss Van Orme stood up and looked beyond Miss Aberneth to Mr. Greaterex, standing in the doorway, who came forward to her relief instantly.

"You must not stand," he said, leading her back to her seat. "I think I have found a friend of mine"—turning to Kate. "Why did you run away from your friends?" he questioned, relieving Mary of the fan.

"I ran away from my enemies, if you please."

"Do you call me one?"

"Perhaps we had better withdraw," said poor Kate, tossing her head to conceal her chragrin. "Come, children!"

"Thank you," Bert answered her; "I should like a few minutes alone with Miss Van Orme, if you please."

"Oh you had better go back to Miss. Kate in the drawing room," said Miss Van Orme, when the door had closed upon them; "it will be a shame to disappoint Mrs. Aberneth; and, indeed, I can get on very well without you, Sir."

"But I can't get along without you."

"And yet you know nothing at all about me?"

"I am satisfied with my knowledge. I know that you are charming, and that I love you.

"You love a woman sailing under an alias? I am neither Mrs. Small nor Miss Van Orme."

"I don't care a fig who you are. I will marry you to-morrow, if you consent, under whatever name you choose."

"Generosity is catching. I will tell you my story."

"I will not listen to it except from the lips of Mrs. Berthold Greaterex."

"Please yourself."

"Thank you. Then I will come for you to-morrow, and we will be married in church." But when he returned to the drawing-room and told his story to Mrs. Alberneth, she insisted that the wedding should take place at her house.

Every body was taken aback at Greterex when Berthold wrote that he should bring his bride home the following week. 'You may have seen her," he wrote, "when she was Mrs. Small, and lived in the cottage in Lovers' Lane. You remember, perhaps, that you once sent her some summer sweetings. I owe my happiness to those precious apples. Caroline will remember the occasion, because she offered to part with some of her wardrobe to the poor widow."

"Oh! oh!" cried Caroline, "he has married the widow Small and all her children! How could he? She's old enough to be his grandmother. Oh, dear! dear! dear! I shall never want to see another summer sweeting as long as I live. I wish you would order Spades to cut down the tree, mamma. No wonder an apple brought trouble into the world, and shut folks out of paradise! It keeps its reputation up finely! To think that the heir of Greaterex should marry a hideous old widow!"

Guess her surprise when Berthold opened the carriage door, and there descended a little person, who threw aside her veil, and disclosed a dazzling skin of rose and lily hues, eyes, like summer brooks, brown and liquid, hair a ripple of sunbeams—the semblance of an angel in flesh and blood!

"Where—are—the—the children?" gasped Caroline.

"Yes," laughed Berthold, "and where are the wrinkles, and the gray hairs, and the sunken eyes? *Is* she an awful old fright, Carrie?"

"Summer sweetings are not so sour after all, mamma," said Caroline, later. "I guess Spades may spare the tree."

The next week Berthold overtook Maria Upton in his walk.

"I saw Mrs. Greaterex in church," said she.

"Did you see an antiquity with a false front piece?"

"Now don't be disagreeable; how could I know? By-the way I have some news to tell you: I am engaged."

"Allow me to congratulate your lover. I suppose you mean to entertain him with these precious old letters of mine?"

"Your letters? Oh, I haven't the ghost of one left; I curled my hair on them long ago; it was only the empty envelopes with which I teased you. But tell me about Mrs. Greaterex. I hear it is like a story."

"Yes; perhaps you have heard of the Prudhomme heiress? I remember when the affair was much talked of, and thinking it sad enough. You see, Pauline was the last of her family—she, and a cousin who inherited in case of her death. The common report was that her loneliness and sorrow worked upon her mind till she was pronounced insane, and carried to an asylum; and the cousin, being guardian and next heir, was left in irresponsible charge of the fortune, which was very large."

"Yes, I know it," she answered, glibly; "the Prudhommes lived in great magnificence while they did live."

"Well, Mrs. Greaterex was Pauline Prudhomme. It appears she was no more crazy than you are; but having refused to marry her cousin, and he, fearing that she might marry elsewhere and will the fortune away from him forever, represented her as insane, bribed two physicians to serve his turn, and dispatched her to the asylum. One day she made her escape, and came here under the name of Mrs. Small, widow, to support herself by her own exertions, thinking the title of Mrs. would prove more protection than that of Miss, and insure respectability. But she was discovered in her seclusion. She took flight immediately. She met the keepers getting out of the train in which she took refuge, but they passed her unsuspecting. I followed on the next day, and the rest you know. I don't suppose that you ever heard of the cousin; but in case you should ever chance to meet him, his name is Lucien Thornton."

"Lucien Thornton!" cried Miss Upton, turning deadly pale, and supporting her self on the arm of Mr. Greaterex. "I thank you. There can be but one Lucien Thornton. You have done me a great service, Mr. Greaterex, in marrying Miss Prudhomme. I am engaged to her wicked cousin, but you have saved me the ignominy of becoming his wife. Will you please call a carriage and send me home?"

And it was the summer sweetings that brought it all about.

MEXICO.—I asked an intelligent member of the Mexican Congress, says William Cullen Bryant, how it was that instead of submitting quietly to the result of an election as we here submit, even when it is pretty manifest that the successful party has used unfair means, his countrymen so often resort to the sword, as if the question of fairness could be settled by cutting each others' throats. "It is in our blood," he answered; "it is owing to the impatience of our temperment. The cure must be to invite emigration from countries like the United States, where the popular vote decides the matter, and the beaten party takes its revenge by obtaining the majority at the next election." The remedy is a sure one, but there is this difficulty in applying it, that the emigrants will not arrive until the evil shall be already cured, and the country in a state of perfect quiet.

RELIGIONS.—The statistics of religion in the United States, just completed at the Census office, show the total number of church organizations upon the 1st of June, 1870, to be 72,451.

Total number of church edifices	63,074
Total church accommodation	23,650,502
Aggregate value of church property	$356,429,981

THE first theatre ever established in America was at Williamsburg, Va., in September, 1702.

Through the Tunnel.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. SCATTERGOOD.

Riding up from Bangor,
On the "Eastern" train,
From a six week's shooting,
In the woods of Maine;
Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, moustache as well,
Sat a "student fellow,"
Tall and fine and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train doth glide.
Enter aged couple,
Take the hinder seat;
Enter gentle maiden,
Beautiful, *petite*.

Blushingly she falters,
"Is this seat engaged?"
(See the aged couple
Properly enraged,)
Student quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket's "through,"
Thinks of the long tunnel—
Thinks what he might do.

So they sit and chatter,
While the cinders fly,
Till that "student fellow"
Gets one in his eye;
And the gentle maiden
Quickly turns about—
"May I, if you please sir,
Try to get it out?"

Happy "student fellow,"
Feels a dainty touch;
Hears a gentle whisper—
"Does it hurt you much?'
Izz, ding, dong! a moment
In the tunnel quite,
And a glorious darkness
Black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight
Darts the "Eastern" train:
Student's beaver ruffled
Just the merest grain;
Maiden's hair is tumbled
And there and then appeared,
Cunning little ear-ring
Caught in student's beard.

NOVEL SCENE IN A COURT-ROOM.—The Providence *Journal* says: An unusual scene took place during the trial of the case of Burges vs. Anderson. The case is brought to recover moneys won at various times from the plaintiff at faro by fraudulent practices. The plaintiff used, as an illustration of the technicalities of the game, a complete faro table, with its marking apparatus and silver cue-keeper's box. An expert, Mr. Daniel H. Helme, took his seat at the table and played the game, the counsel and other spectators won their bets, although luck was largely in favor of the bank. He then took a set of "strippers," that is, a pack in which certain of the cards were trimmed at the sides to an edge, unobservable to the eye but easily perceived by the touch of the dealer. By this device the dealer knew the position of any card, and by dealing two at a time when necessary, was able to make the opposite players lose at will. This false deck of cards being inserted into the box, the spectators, betting at choice against the bank, found that the dealer distributed the favors of fortune all to himself, and were at once convinced how immoral a thing gambling is. The expert testified that he had been in the service of the defendant, and had used the "strippers" to defraud the innocent customers. The defendant denies the use of the "skin game" at his place, and says the story of the expert is a fabrication resulting from a personal enmity. However that may be, that such a sinful game is possible seemed to bo pretty clearly demonstrated in open court.

KNOCKING AN EYE OUT WITH A HAMMER.—As a resident of South Troy was building a pig-pen, his little son was assisting. As the lad was holding up one end of a board for his father to nail at the other end, he accidentally dropped the plank, which so enraged the parent that he turned around and aimed a blow at the lad with a hammer in his hand. It struck the unfortunate boy directly in the eye, inflicting a horrible wound. The affrighted father hastened to a physician's office with his son, but was informed that the sight of the eye was lost forever.

A TERRIBLE explosion of petroleum and gunpowder has taken place in Tripolitza, Greece. Twenty lives were lost instantly, and many persons received severe injuries, which in some cases, it is feared, will prove fatal.

Inconstant.

Inconstant! O my God!
Inconstant! When a single thought of thee
Sends all my shivering blood
Back on my heart in furtive of courtesy!

Inconstant! When to feel
That thou hast loved me, wilt love to the last,
Were joy enough to steal
All fear from life—the future and the past!

Inconstant! When to sleep
And dream that thou art near me is to learn
So much of Heaven, I weep
Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah, too true!
Turned from the rightful shelter of thy breast,
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd
Through which I pass, as to the skies above
The scale Summer cloud,
But not to thee; O, not to thee, dear love.

I may be false to all
On earth beside, and every tender tie
Which seems to hold in thrall
This weary life of mine, may be a lie.

But true as God's own truth
My steadfast heart turns backward evermore
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore.

Inconstant! Not my own
The hand which builds this wall between our lives;
On its cold shadow grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives.

God knows that I would give
All other joys the sweetest and the best,
For one short hour to live
Close to thy heart, its comforts and its rest.

But life is not all dark,
The sunlight goldens many a hidden slope
The dove shall find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

And should another's head
Sleep on thy heart and it should ever seem
To be my own instead,
O darling! hold it closer for the dream.

God will forgive the sin,
If sin it is; our lives are swept so dry,
So cold, so passion-clean,
Thank Him death comes at last—and so—
Good-by!

ELEANOR.

The last notes of the Sophie waltz died on the perfumed air, and the dancers wandered away in groups. Two, a lady and gentleman, passed into the conservatory, stopping occasionally to admire the bloom of some tropical flower, then going on until they reached a fountain, whose waters fell, with a gentle murmur, into the marble basin below. The subdued light shone, like the soft rays of the moon, upon a scene of beauty that was almost faultless. But to the eye of the artist, there was nothing so beautiful as the lady who stood beside him, a perfect picture in herself. From her lovely face, with its dark, starry eyes, and tender mouth, to the satin dress that fell around her in graceful, glistening folds, there was nothing wanting.

Seven years before, Robert Willard was a poor artist, and she was Eleanor Raymond, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant. He had loved her then, but could not ask her father to bestow his daughter's hand upon one almost penniless. So, after gaining her promise to love him and wait for him, even years, he went to Rome to win fame and a fortune. Six months ago he had returned to New York and found her a cold, proud woman of the world, the wife of Oscar Lambert and a leader in fashionable society. Eleanor had waited impatiently for a letter from her lover, but the months lengthened into three years, and she had not heard from him. It was not until after her marriage, and her father's death, that she learned how the latter had deceived her by keeping Robert's letters, hoping she would forget her girlish love.

Her husband loved her just as he did his fine house, his paintings and his statuary. She was beautiful, she adorned his house, and she was his. Her diamonds were the envy of all her friends. She had everything wealth could procure, and what reasonable woman could fail to be happy under such circumstances!

Her husband had said these things to himself sometimes, when he had realized in a vague way that his wife was restless and discontented.

Since Robert Willard had come back, the months had passed like days. She had been happy in meeting him at receptions, the theatre and opera, but had never asked herself how it would end. Not a word concerning the past had ever been spoken between them, and this was the last reception of the season just before Lent.

Rumor said he was going to Rome again; that he was betrothed to a lady in Rome, and would soon return to America with his bride.

The evening was nearly over when Eleanor was surprised to hear a well-known voice at her side saying:

"Mrs. Lambert, do you hear your favorite waltz? Let me have my last dance in America with you."

She obeyed in an absent-minded manner, and they glided into the dance, the wild, weird music seeming to her like a mournful requiem over dead hopes. How often, in happier days, they had danced to the same strains, when she had thought heaven could not be more beautiful than earth. How bitter and skeptical she had grown since then! What misery had crowded itself into her life, although it had only numbered twenty-five years!

But the waltz was ended, and they were standing in the conservatory before the fountain. The silence was becoming painful when he exclaimed:

"Eleanor, I must speak at last! Forgive me and listen! Although I had heard you were married, I came back to America for the sake of seeing you. I thought I could be near you and be only your friend. But you are unhappy, and every sorrow I read in your face casts its shadow upon my heart. I cannot see you suffer and be silent. Why did you never write, and why do I find you married to that man so devoid of principle and honor, and whom I know you secretly loathe and despise?"

The proud look went out of her face, her voice was low and tender, her eyes full of unshed tears when she replied:

"Robert, I never saw your letters. My father kept them. I heard of you as well and prosperous, but thought you had forgotten me and that I must forget you. Believing that, my heart was dead to love, and my marriage with Oscar Lambert saved my father from bankruptcy. I deserve your pity but not your censure."

To the man who loved her, the seven years of unhappiness that had separated them seemed to vanish, and she stood before him a gentle, pleading girl. He had only one wish in the world—to take her away and shut out every care and sorrow from her future life. He said suddenly:

"You did love me as I always loved you! Will you go away with me? We will find a beautiful home in Italy, and my love shall make you happy. Say you will go!"

It seemed a great temptation to her. She would go away from the life of which she was so weary with him who loved her, the only one she had ever loved!

"Place your hand in mine, Eleanor. That shall mean yes."

Suddenly between herself and the earnest eyes seeking her own, there arose a scene of childhood. What had awakened such memories at that hour?

She stood by her dying mother, whose hand rested upon her head with loving caress, while she spoke her last farewell. Every word came back to her now: "My daughter, you will remember your mother's words long years after the lips that uttered them are dust. When you are tempted to do wrong, repeat this prayer: 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' God will hear my motherless girl, and save her from sin."

Eleanor Lambert had lived a gay, frivolous life; she knew but little of moral courage, still less of Christian duty, but a mother's love had left a germ of goodness in her heart that the world had not destroyed, and the remembrance of a dead mother gave her strength to answer:

"I cannot go. We must part forever now. If I were your wife, I should be a better woman. But there will be an end of my unhappiness by-and-by, and when I am dead you will love my memory better for having saved you and myself from sin."

She gave him her hand, which he held in both of his while he said:

"Dear Eleanor, you are right. For the last time, farewell."

A moment later he was gone, and within the month he sailed for Europe, and they never met again. But Robert Willard's recollection of her face s' parting lives on canvas as the "Mater Dolorosa." You may perhaps have seen this same painting at the Academy of Design, and wondered if such sad, beautiful eyes ever looked from mortal face.

M. M.

A Cat-astrophe.

A gentleman living in Brooklyn, who takes great delight in his flour garden, was for a long time much annoyed by the depredations of his neighbors' cats. It appeared as though his particular garden was selected for the scene of the nightly revels of all the cats in the city. Independent of the desolation they brought upon his rose, tulip, geranium, and other flowers, they kept the whole household awake every night by their incessant and noisy serimmages. Driven at last to desperation, the annoyed citizen laid in ambush one night lately with a well-loaded shot-gun, and when the congress were in full session, blazed away. In a couple of nights eight felines fell victims to his unerring aim. As animal matter is good for vegetation, he determined to bury the slaughtered grimalkins at the roots of his grape vines. Being a quaint kind of a genius, it struck him that as the game had done so much when alive to disorganize his attempts at adornment, it would be only fair that they should make as much reparation as possible after death. He accordingly buried the eight innocents in a stright line, equidistant, heads downward, but left their tails (which in dead cats are always as stiff as a poker) sticking out of the ground. To assimilate them somewhat to the brilliancy of the flowers around, he adorned each tail with colored streamers. In doing this he simply had an eye to the beautiful, but the effect upon the friends and relatives of the buried pussies was as singular as satisfactory. On the first evening after burial, our friend heard a most unnatural and terrible howl of anguish in his garden. Rushing to the window, by the light of the moon he descried three or four cats standing opposite their inverted brethren, and showing every symptom of the acutest terror. Their eyes looked like burning coals of fire, and appeared to be starting out of their heads, as they winklessly glared at those terrible candle extremities. Their hair stood on end, their tails were swelled to double their natural proportions, and each cat was standing stiff upon its toe-nails, apparently spell-bound. For a minute they thus stood, horribly howling, and then, with a simultaneous shriek, they all dashed madly over the fence, and fled in terror away. Since then our friend has been enabled on nights to sleep the sleep of the virtuous, and his flower-beds are left intact. The discoverers of the cat-astrophe are supposed to have disseminated the news of the terrible scene among the other felines; for although occasionally a cat is observed glaring for an instant over the fence at a row of tails, as though seeking confirmation of the shocking news, and then mournfully, but precipitately returning, not one has since that night set its foot in our friend's garden.

What are we Coming to?

The history of crime shows that the law is violated from countless motives, and sometimes, apparently, without any motive. Murder has been committed on almost every pretext under the sun; and yet the day is coming, is perhaps at hand, we venture to say, when human life will be taken for reasons hitherto unassigned. We expect to read almost any morning some such account as this in the newspapers:

This community was shocked yesterday by hearing that John Doe, a man of quiet and studious habits, and somewhat known in a literary way, had murdered in cold blood an unoffending neighbor, Richard Roe. Mr. Doe perpetrated the horrid deed in open day, in the crowded street, without the slightest provocation. When a passing policeman seized him, and asked him what had prompted him to imbue his hands (this will no doubt be the reporter's exact language) in the blood of a fellow-creature, he made no reply. Then followed this colloquy:

Policeman—Are you insane, Mr. Doe?

Doe—Never saner in my life.

Policeman—had Roe ever done you any injury?

Doe—None whatever. I had no ill feeling against the poor fellow.

Policeman—Why then did you murder him?

Doe—Merely for business purposes.

Policeman—What can you mean?

Doe—I mean that I wish to lecture, and I have killed the man to give myself a start. I meant no harm by it. I have done this thing as the best means of advertising myself. My subject is "Our Duty to Our Fellows." How many tickets can I put you down for?—*New York Tribune.*

CAPTAIN PREBLE'S CASE.—A court of inquiry is in session at the Navy Department on the case of Captain G. H. Preble, who was summarily dismissed from the Navy in 1864 by President Lincoln for allowing the Confederate privateer Florida to run by his squadron and the blockade into the port of Mobile. Although Captain Preble never had a trial, it was charged that he was guilty of gross negligence. Captain Maffit, who commanded the Florida at the time, testified that by a *ruse de guerre* in flying the British flag he got within hailing distance of Preble's squadron, and was promptly hailed; that thereupon he ran down the English flag and ran up the Confederate flag; that Preble immediately fired a shot across his bows, and in less than three minutes fired a broadside into the Florida, which tore the vessel all to pieces, killed one man and wounded eleven; and that Preble thoroughly and completely discharged his duty.

The only place the wife of a Congressman can fairly trust him—and we write this advice in behalf of virtuous innocence—is the Washington Club. The Washington Club is composed almost entirely of heads of families, sober, steady, quiet, business men, who meet in its elegant rooms for a little relaxation from their many cares. The club is always opened for a evening with prayer, and after these pious gentlemen sit around and read good books, or discuss light, doctrinal points, such as "Transubstantiation," "Infant Baptism," "Can a man marry his aunt?" or "Is it moral, or in any sense in accordance with revealed religion, to kill your mother-in-law?"

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude

An Instrument of Torture.

The knout, says a writes who saw it used in Russia, consists of a handle about a foot and a half long, with a piece of twisted blue of about the same length. To this blue is attached, by a loop piece a thong, prepared to almost metallic hardness, in length about four or five feet, perfectly flat, and a little more than an inch broad. It is changed after every six or eight blows, as it is considered unfit for use when it becomes at all soft.

The principal executioner, having placed himself within five or six feet of the prisoner, with the throng of the knout on the ground, rather behind him, then drew it forward, raising it slowly and steadily till it had attained the proper elevation, when he brought it down with tremendous force upon the middle of the criminal's back leaving a deep crimson mark of nearly an inch in breadth, extending from his neck to the waistband of his trowsers. Upon receiving the blow, the wretch uttered a scream, or rather a yell of agony, the intensity of which I never heard approached, while every fibre of his body seemed in a violent and instantaneous contortion. With scarcely any interval, the blow was repeated, followed by the same result, the same frightful yell, the same appalling shudder. The second mark appeared about an inch from, and parallel to the first; a third, fourth, and fifth blow followed in quick succession, when the operator stepped aside and resigned his place to his assistant. The blows from the latter were light, when compared with those inflicted by the elder executioner, more so, indeed, than the difference between their size and strength, great as it was seemed to justify.

After giving eight blows, the assistant retired in his turn, when his principal, who in the meantime had fitted on a fresh throng, resumed the dreadful task. He was again succeeded by the young man, who in like manner had renewed the efficacy of his weapon by a similar process of renovation. In this manner did they continue mutually relieving one another, and, at each relay adding a new throng, till the destined number of blows were inflicted on the lacerated back of the parricide. About the fifteenth stroke, his struggles having partially loosened the fastenings, it was found necessary to stop and have them fixed more firmly.

From the first to the twentieth blow each was followed by the same scream and convulsions; from the twentieth till the fiftieth both gradually became weaker—the latter had, indeed, degenerated into a sort of shivering. After the fiftieth, both ceased, the criminal's head fell to one side, and though each touch of the knout brought with it a convulsive shudder, he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of pain.

The punishment concluded, the chief executioner took some instruments from his bag and with them marked the malefactor on the forehead, on each cheek, and on the chin. This, I understand, was merely a form typical of branding, which, as well as slitting the nostrils, was always inflicted upon a knouted criminal until the humanity of the Emperor Alexander prompted him to abolish both practices. The marks are now made with a cold instrument, and are, I believe, easily effaced.

The criminals back now exhibited a most horrid spectacle. It was one mangled bloated mass, of a deep crimson hue; yet, still mangled as it was, no blood ran from it. A common cart having been drawn up into the square, the executioners untied the strap by which the malefactor was bound to the stake, and, with the assistance of the guards, carried him to and placed him in the cart, throwing his shirt lightly over him, then his caftan, then, over all, a mat. When removed from the stake he was quite insensible; so much so that I did not suppose he would survive until he reached the hospital; but I was mistaken, for upon observing him attentively, after he had been placed in the cart, I perceived he had so far recovered as to attempt to move one arm. I could not observe any surgeon attending the execution, nor indeed would it have been of any consequence, as the number of stripes is specified, and whatever happens, they must be administered.

He was driven off to prison with the same guards and attendants as at first—the whole affair from the arrival till departure of the prisoner, not lasting twenty minutes. What became of him afterward I could not learn, but I have little doubt that he died in a few days from the fever and mortification that were likely, or certain, to follow such severe injury. On the event of his recovery, he would be sent to end his life in the mines of Siberia, and this could scarcely be called the least part of his punishment. Such is the knout.

RESPIRATION IN FISH.—M. Grehant, in the course of a lecture on respiration in fishes, states that, as shown by previous writers, fish are able to live in water until almost the whole of the oxygen it contains in a state of solution has been exhausted. This was shown by a chemical examination of some water in which live fish were preserved, and which, after the expiration of a certain time, showed an entire absence of oxygen, no change in the amount of nitrogen, and double the amount of carbonic acid. Another curious fact noted by the lecturer was that fish breathe by their skin as well as by their gills, nearly as great a change in the composition of the gasses contained in the water being observed when the animals were suspended up to their branchiæ as when the whole body was immersed. He also stated that the presence or absence of the swimming bladder had little effect on the product of respiration.

A FIGHT WITH AN ALLIGATOR.—The Savannah *News* has the following: As Mr. William Kelly, an old citizen of Bradford County, Florida, was returning home from Starke, he espied an alligator basking in the mud by the roadside. He dismounted, and, taking a hatchet from his cart, approached the reptile for a fight. In the twinkling of an eye his feet were knocked from under him, and his legs caught in the monster's mouth. Being an old man, the fight would have gone against him had not a colored man by the name of George Ruff, who happened to be passing along, dispatched the alligator with a pistol. Mr. Kelly's leg was considerably lacerated, so much so that it is probable he will never again attempt to chop a Saurian with his little hatchet.

RULES FOR BUSINESS MEN.—From some published "Rules for Business Men" we extract the following in relation to advertising: Take advantage of modern facilities. Use the means within your reach; increase and multiply the means of information. To compete successfully with a neighbor, participate in the facilities afforded to go ahead. Don't depend upon your own lungs alone; use the lungs of the press. Make it known by printer's ink that you are prepared to do business Sell at small profits for cash, and make it known through the newspapers. All that any honest, legitimate concern requires is good judgment, close industry, unwavering integrity, superior workmanship, fair prices, and to do better by customers, if possible than others in the same business—and give it publicity.

THE richest tin mines in the world are those of Cornwall England.

The Food of the Thibetans.

During the summer months they use very little fresh meat. They do not like it boiled, and are not partial to it raw, unless it has been dried. In November there is a great slaughter, and a wealthy man, who has perhaps 7,000 sheep, will kill 200 at this time for his year's consumption. The

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., May 31., '72

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2,50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

Advertisements $1.50 per square (ten lines) for three insertion. Advertisements for 3, 6 and 12 months, at reduced rates.

Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with etheash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

Tom Scott is president of twenty six railroads, the total salary of which makes the snug sum of $176,000 annually. And Tom was once a poor boy.

The strikers in New York have succeeded, and eight hours is a days work there. The employees have yielded in nearly every instance, and the great strike of the working men is now at an end.

The municipal reform party, in Philadelphia, has nominated a full city and county ticket, composed equally of democrats and republicans. If that don't clean out the radical bedbugs of Philadelphia, we do not know what will.

A National Workingmen's convention, held in New York on 23rd inst., nominated Grant for President and Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, for Vice President. There were over two hundred delegates present from different states, of which Grant received 204 and Greeley 5 votes.

The national present takers convention will soon meet in Philadelphia, when the great smoker and present-taker now in the white-house, will be nominated for re-election.

The following from the Pittsburg Dispatch, rad., is good—the "lead mines" means Geary:—Now there is something up! The great John W. has been moved to transport the Gubernatorial lead mines all the way from Harrisburg to Washington to "consult the President." We shall await developments with profound anxiety.

Greeley's letter of acceptance, will be found in another column. There is little in it that any democrat can find fault with, only, that it does not read like Greeley of old—it is a vast improvement upon Greeley of the past, and had Horace cherished some of the doctrines he now advocates, years ago, when the democrats were doing battle for them, he might have been instrumental in accomplishing much good, instead of the bad effects that have resulted from the heresies of which he once was the advocate. But, let Greeley of the past rest, and if he prove true and sincere to the language of his letter accepting the platform and nomination of the Cincinnati convention, let democrats and all true patriots rejoice that one sinner has been converted, and that one mighty head has bowed obeisance to the living truths of democracy.

Mr. Greeley is opposed to Grant's bayonett election law, by which the usurping Tycoon of the white house expects to force his re-election. The democrats welcome Greeley over on that.

Greeley sees danger in the attempt that the senate is making to give the President power to suspend the habeas corpus, by which such southern states as will not obey the voice from the white house, may be placed under martial law, and a fair election prevented. The democrats welcome Greeley over on that also.

Greeley goes in for restoring good will and friendship, and the wiping out of old hates between the north and south, and favors general amnesty. The democracy plead for this long ago, and take Horace by the hand on that. Thus we might enumerate other points, but the letter, is plain and speaks for itself, and we need follow it no farther. But all this will not make the democratic masses desire Greeley as their Presidential candidate. The old prejudices are rusted in the rank and file and his good letter of acceptance will not wear them off just now yet. We have always given Greeley credit for honesty and sincerity, and we believe that his letter expresses his honest convictions, but still the past—the fatal past—can not be forgotten by thousands of democrats when asked to adopt him as their candidate, no matter how often we may quote the phrase about letting by-gones be by-gones, and about forgiving and forgetting, all fine and sound sentiments, yet democrats are not just now ready to say that they wish Greeley to be their candidate for President. And that is all in all.

As between Grant and Greeley, few democrats would hesitate, but the masses of our party are opposed to narrowing it down to that. If the Baltimore democratic national convention, which is the body we look to, and by the assembled wisdom of which all democrats should be guided, should unfortunately, in our opinion, leave us no other choice, why democrats will look upon Greeley (to make him bad as possible) as not being any worse than Grant, and with the certain knowledge that Grant has proven bad enough, and disgraced the country by his present-taking, imbecility and utter unfitness to be the chief magistrate of our great country, and may as a dernier resort, as the only thing left them, prefer that the philosopher of the Tribune, should drive out the hero of bull pups and horse races from the white house. Greeley would make a statesman President; he has brains, and Grant has not; but democrats think one of our old and time-honored leaders would be better still, and they ask a standard bearer from their own ranks, one true and tried, and for whom they will enter the fray against Grant with a will.

GREELEY'S ACCEPTANCE.

The following is Greeley's letter of acceptance, addressed to Carl Schurz, and others, committee appointed to inform him of his nemination:

New York, May 20, 1872.

Gentlemen: I have chosen not to acknowledge your letter of the 3d inst., until I could learn how the work of your Convention was received in all parts of our great country, and judge whether that work was approved and ratified by the mass of our fellow citizens. Their response has from day to day reached me through telegrams, letters, and the comments of journalists independent of official patronage and indifferent to the smiles or frowns of power. The number and character of these unconstrained, unpurchased, unsolicited utterances satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as the harbinger of a better day for the Republic.

I do not misinterpret this approval as especially complimentary to myself, nor even to the chivalrous and justly esteemed gentleman with whose name I thank your Convention for associating mine. I receive and welcome it as a spontaneous and deserved tribute to that admirable platform of principles wherein your Convention so tersely, so lucidly, so forcibly, set forth the convictions which impelled and the purposes which guided its course—a platform which, casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of worn-out contentions and by-gone feuds, embodies in fit and few words the needs and aspirations of to-day. Though thousands stand ready to condemn your every act, hardly a syllable of criticism or cavil has been aimed at your platform, of which the substance may be fairly epitomized as follows:

I. All the political rights and franchises which have been acquired through our late bloody convulsion must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed, respected evermore.

II. All the political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion should and must be promptly restored and reestablished, so that there shall be henceforth no proscribed class and no disfranchised caste within the limits of our Union, whose long estranged people shall reunite and fraternize upon the broad basis of universal amnesty with impartial suffrage.

III. That, subject to our solemn constitutional obligation to maintain the equal rights of all citizens, our policy should aim at local self-government, and not at centralization; that the civil authority should be supreme over all the military; that the writ of habeas corpus should be jealously upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom; that the individual citizen should enjoy the largest liberty consistent with public order; and that there shall be no Federal subversion of the internal polity of the several States and municipalities, but that each shall be left free to enforce the rights and promote the well-being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgement of its own people shall prescribe.

IV. There shall be a real, and not merely a simulated reform in the civil service of the Republic; to which end it is indispensible that the chief dispenser of its vast official patronage shall be shielded from the main temptation to use his power selfishly by a rule inexorably forbidding and precluding his reflection.

V. That the raising of revenue, whether by tariff or otherwise shall be recognized and treated as the people's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them, through their representatives in Congress, whose action thereon the President must neither overrule by his veto, attempt to dictate, nor presume to punish by bestowing office only on those who agree with him or withdrawing it from those who do not.

VI. That the public lands must be sacredly reserved for occupation and acquisition by cultivators, and not recklessly squandered on the projectors of railroads for which our people have no present need and the premature construction of which is annually plunging us into deeper and deeper abysses of foreign indebtedness

VII. That the achievement of these grand purposes of universal beneficence is expected and sought at the hands of all who approve them, irrespective of past affiliations.

VIII. That the public faith must at all hazards be maintained, and the national credit preserved.

IX. That the patriotic devotedness and inestimable services of our fellow citizens who, as soldiers or sailors, upheld the flag and maintained the unity of the Republic shall ever be gratefully remembered and honorably requited.

These propositions, so ably and forcibly presented in the platform of your Convention, have already fixed the attention and commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen, who joyfully adopt them, as I do, as the bases of a true, beneficent national reconstruction—of a new departure from jealousies, strifes, and hates which have no longer adequate motive or even plausible protext, into an atmosphere of peace, fraternity, and mutual good will. In vain do the drill-sergeants of decaying organizations flourish menacingly their trunchions, and angrily insist that the files shall be closed and straightened; in vain do the whippers-in of all parties once vital, because rooted in the vital needs of the hour, pretest against straying and bolting, denounce men nowise their inferiors as traitors and renegades, and threaten them with infamy and ruin. I am confident that the American people have already made your cause their own, fully resolved that their brave hearts and strong arms shall bear it on to triumph. In this faith, and with the distinct understanding that, if elected, I shall be the President, not of a party, but of the whole people, I accept your nomination, in the confident trust that masses of our countrymen North and South are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has too long divided them, forgetting that they have been enemies in the joyful consciousness that they are and must henceforth remain brethern.

Yours, gratefully, HORACE GREELEY.

The Venango Spectator, the democratic organ of Venango county, says Greeley supporters, if we take the newsyapers for evidence, exist in spots. The democrats of the west are almost unanimously in favor of Greeley, while at least four-fifths of the southern democrats have the same feeling. As a general thing the leading democratic papers of the east oppose any coalition with the reform republicans and vehemently insist upon a "straight ticket," while a few congressmen are more bitter than the newspapers in their denunciations of Mr. Greeley, one going so far as to say that Grant was a more acceptable man. If every community feels as the one we live in does there would be no trouble about Mr. Greeley's endorsement at Baltimore. Nine-tenths of the democrats we have met—and we have made it a business to discover the real state of affairs—declare that the wisest thing for the party and the best thing for the country the democracy can do is to support Greeley.

The Massachusetts state democratic convention endorsed the Cincinnati platform and elected delegates to the Baltimore convention in favor of Greeley and Brown.

The coffin-makers of New York are now also on a strike. Let people refuse to die, and soon the coffin-makers will come to grief.

The miners' strike in the Luzerne region is spreading.

Deaths in New York last week, 700, marriages, 192; births, 378.

True Story of the Bull Pup.

Under the above caption the Cincinnati correspondent of the St. Paul Dispatch contains the subjoined statement, which we may consider ourselves as called upon to copy, from a due regard to "the truth of the history."

"Everybody is familiar with the story of the bull pup sent to President Grant, which he refused to except because the express charges were not paid. The sequal of the story is, I believe, new, and at all events I will give it at a venture as related here by a "man who knows." Soon after Grant had refused the pup, he learned that it was a valuable animal, and greatly regretted he had not paid the charges $(4.50.) He accordingly sent one of the Dents down to the express office the next day to secure the pup. Judge of his horror when he learned that a colored man had paid the charges and taken the pup home. Dent was directed to hunt the colored 'man and brother,' and see what he would take for the pup. He finally succeeded in finding him, and the price was set at $95. After a good deal of haggling the price was reduced to $45, and this Grant paid. The pup is now said to be worth $200, but Grant has never forgotten whereby he squandered thirty-five dollars and a half. This is an o'er true tale, and shows the calibre of our model President.

Greeley Pleasantries.

Our fellow-townsman (says the Cincinnati Enquirer), Mr. James W. Fitzgerald, is enthusiastic for Greeley and Gratz. He addressed Mr. Greeley a note a few days ago, informing him of his intention to stump the State of Ohio in his interest. He received in reply the following hastily written note:

"J. W. Fitzgerald, Esq., Get a wheel-barrow and go West.

H. G."

There was an old farmer who had taken the Tribune for thirty years, rode twenty miles on horseback to hear Greeley lecture. What do you think of him? ask a neighbor. "Wall, I don't think much of him as a speaker, but he would make a damned good singer."

Some of our citizens, who head Greeley's address before the Agricultural Association last fall, labor under the apprehension that in case of his election everybody will be compelled to eat mutton! We are assured by a prominent "dolly" that this is a mistake. This question is to be referred to the Congressional districts.—Lafayette Journal.

This is one of the congratulations to Mr. Greeley:

DENVER, Col., May 3, 1872.

Permit me to congratulate you heartily, and to hope that you secure a four years, lease of the White House.

COUNT MURAT.

"Fame," says Dr. Greeley, is an accident. In proof of the assertion read the following from the Binghamton Republican:

The parson who signs himself "Count Murat" was formerly a barber in Denver, and shaved Mr. Greeley once. Later he was in Montana, where he kept a saloon. After he left there it was discovered that he had kept false weights for weighing gold. To R. M. Hagaman, of Binghamton, we are indebted for these facts.

The Springfield Republican, which is cooling down into a scriptural frame of mind, says that Horace Greeley is the John the Baptist of the Republican party. We submit that that is no reason why the Cincinnati free-traders should cut off his head.—Hartford Courant.

When Horace gets into the White House, won't the Presidential garden catch it? "What I know About Farming" will be illustrated at the government expense, in a way to make the White House gardener's hair stand on end. As Mr. Greeley cannot be inaugurated till March 4, it will be too late to graft cucumber trees, but just in season to transplant baked beans.—Detroit Post.

It would be curious to speculate upon Mr. Greeley's disposal of his first years salary as President of the United States. It would be a prolific subject, if it were not for the fact that he will probably discount it all before he assumes the office, in advancing money to young men "going west," and indorsing the notes of new-found friends.—Chicago Times.

H. G. was writing an editorial demanding a duty of $100 a ton on pig iron when the news of his Presidential nomination reached him. He stopped, grinned, and said "That's funny!" The man who denies that H. G. expresed therein the sentiment of an undivided people, is "a liar and a villain."—Chicago Pest.

One "humor of the canvas" has already developed. A despatch from New Orleans announces that white hats have been adopted in that city, and the demand for them on the day succeeding the nominations at Cincinnati depleted the dealers' stock. From Cincinnati we read: "The entire Louisiana delegation went home thus equipped, and the Hon. John Wentworth has appeared in the same speckless head-piece on the streets, and announced that white hats are going to be the fashion in Illinois until after November." In Mr. Greeley's biography we are told how, as a boy, he had read every book he could lay his hands on by the light of pine knots. Perhaps the pine knot will come into the present presidential campaign along with the white hat, the whole somewhat grotesque, perhaps—as the coon skins and log cabins of '40 were but a sign of the times, protentious of political movement. Adapting a line from Macaulay's "Battle of Ivry," Mr. Greeley might cry to his followers: "And be your oriflamme to-day the 'tile' of Chappaqua."—Baltimore Sun.

Balloting for Bishops.

Interesting Proceedings in the Methodist Episcopal General Conference.

NEW YORK May 21.—To-day was set apart for the election of Bishops in the Methodist General Conference, and in consequence an immence audience was in attendence.

A resolution not to count the ballot cast for less than eight candidates was tabled.

Dr. Sloan said thirty years ago at the election of Bishops there had been ballot stuffing. He hoped no such thing would be discovered here. If so the vote should be taken over again.

An Indiana delegate demanded that the laity and clergy vote separately for Bishops.

The motion for a separate vote was lest amid tremendous cheering.

A delegate called attention to the demonstrations of the audience, and moved that the galleries be cleared. [Hisses from the galleries.]

Bishop Ames asked the police, if any present, to clear the galleries.

A delegate stated that a great portion of the disturbance came from the delegates themselves.

The Conference then proceeded to vote by ballot for Bishops. The process was very tedious, and after the tellers had retired to count the vote, Bishop Richardson, of Canada, was introduced and addressed the Conference.

Reports were received and adopted from the Committee on the Baker University schools in Germany and Switzerland, and the schools in the United States and on the mischief caused by the multiplication of Seminaries and Colleges.

Dr. Carlton then moved that the rules be suspended to receive a reply from him to Dr. Lanahan's report. Adopted.

The paper was then read. It declares that the report of Dr. Lanahan seeks to convict Goodenough of complicity with Porter in the purchase of paper, and that said report is a wicked slander on an honest man.

The paper refers to Dr. Lanahan's report as the creation of the feverish dreams of the assistant agent, and denies that Dr. Lanahan was ever refused access to the papers of the Book Concern. The paper further declares that the allegations that the officers of the Concern were engaged in oil speculations are as baseless as they are base. It further charges that the accountants whom Dr. Lanahan employed to ferret out the alleged wrongs of the Book Concern were of doubtful reputation, and that Dr. Lanahan had conferences with the editors of certain secular papers the evening before the publication of the offensive articles.

At 2:40 P. M. the tellers returned with the following result:

FIRST BALLOT.

W L Harris, central Ohio, 270; R S Foster, New York, 232; Thomas Boreman, Iowa, 293.

These three are elected Bishops. There were 408 ballots cast; necessary to a choice 205. Only the above mentioned had a majority.

The following received votes as given below.

Rev Dr Wiley, 170; Rev Dr Merrill, 170; Rev Jesse T Peck, 161; Rev Gilbert Haven, 148; Rev E O Haven, 130; Rev J M Read, 111; Rev E G Andrews, 111; Rev T M Eddy, 105; Rev J P Newnaw, 100; Rev J W Walden, 90; Rev C D Fass, 85; Rev Dr Fowler, 84; Rev Dr Crary, 82; Rev Dr Cummings, 58; Rev Mr Kennel, 57; Rev Dr Brush, 50; Rev Mr Pershing, 48; Rev Mr Martin, 46; Rev Mr Hamlin, 43; Rev Mr Hunt, 32; Rev Mr Nutt, 24; Rev Mr Mattack, 23; Rev Mr Brown, 23; Rev Mr Fuller, 23.

The conference adjourned to meet again in the afternoon to complete the election.

On the re-assembling the Conference after adopting the report of the Committee on Freedmen, proceeded to vote for five additional bishops.

A resolution was passed that the tellers sit with closed doors.

SECOND BALLOT.

The tellers returned and gave the following as the result of the second ballot for bishops.

The whole number of votes 400, necessary for choice, 201.

J W Wiley, 156, elected; S M Morrell, 223, elected; G Haven, 182; J F Peck, 178; E G Andrews, 148; E O Haven, 119; J M Reed, 112; T M Eddy, 104; J M Waldron, 96; J P Newman, 84; C D Foss, 61; N E Cobley, 66; B F Craray, 51; Moses Hill, 31; C H Fowler, 51; W Brush, 37; A Martin, 25; A J Kennett, 26; J A Cummings, 34; and several others less than 20.

On the report of the committee on the state of the church being read, Dr. Sliger, of Baltimore, protested against it as a milk and water report, as indefinite and not providing for bringing the young people to church.

Adjourned.

The stone man of Onondaga may yet prove to be a genuine fossil—the petrified remains of some antediluvian giant. Among the fossils discovered in the cliffs of Patagonia by the Agassiz exploring expedition were oysters a foot in diameter, with which the Chesapeake bivalves are are but puny in comparison. If oysters have degenerated, why not men? Besides, it is against human nature to take oysters otherwise than whole, and the men who swallowed a half dozen raw in the days when those oysters flourished must have had throats proportionate to the size of the shellfish they devoured.

P. B. WILSON. THOMAS A. HICKS.

HARDWARE STORE!!

WILSON & HICKS,

Bellefonte, Pa.,

(Successors to IRWIN & WILSON,)

Respectfully inform the citizens of Centre and other counties, that they have one of the largest and best selected stock of Hardware to be found, consisting of Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse Shoes, Axels, Spring Wagon Skeins and Boxes, Complete stock of carpenter tools and builders hardware, locks, oils, paints, glass, varnishes, brushes, cucumber pumps and tubing. Lamps af all kinds, scales, cutlery,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.

Full line of saddlery and coach makers goods, wood work for buggies and wagons, ploughs, harrows, cultivators and grindstones. Looking glasses and mirror plates. Picture frames made to order. They also have the celebrated cook stove,

SUSQUEHANNA,

every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction. All kinds of parlor stoves. We are determined to sell at the lowest prices for cash, or on short credit—not to exceed three months. Call and see us, as we take pleasure in showing our goods.

WILSON & HICKS.

mar15tf. Bellefonte, Pa.

HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, &C. THE PLACE TO BUY CHEAPEST.

WALL PAPER!

I have for sale a much larger stock of

PAPER and BORDERS

this season than heretofore.

12000 Bolts just received from New York.

85 DIFFERENT PATTERNS

Prices Ranging from

9cts. to $1 per Bolt.

ALSO—OIL SHADES and FIXTURES, PAPER BLINDS, &c.

WM. J. M'MANIGAL,

mar22.3m. Milroy, Pa

CAUTION—All persons are hereby cautioned against fishing upon the premises of the undersigned. Persons not paying attention to this notice, will be dealt with according to law. GEORGE KORMAN,

16may 6t. Gregg twp,

Just Arrived. Just Arrived.

Call and See Call and See WOLF'S Magnificent Stock of New Goods.

Come and get Bargains. Assortment full and complete.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, and thousands of other articles

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS FOR TAXES FOR 1871, AND PREVIOUS YEARS.—Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an act of Assembly, passed the 19th day of June, 1815, A. D., entitled, "An Act to Amend an Act directing the mode of selling unseated lands in Centre county," and the several supplements thereto, there will be exposed to public sale or out cry, the following tracts of unseated lands in said county, for the taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on the second Monday, being the 10th of June, A. D., 1872.

Benner township.

Acres.	per.	warrantee names.	taxes.
80	.....	A B Hutchison	$ 1 90

Boggs township.

422	162	Daniel Lewis	39	45
"	"	William Gray	"	"
"	"	Thomas Greaves	"	"
"	"	Jonathan Hervey	14	10
"	"	Andrew Sommers	19	44
196		Packer & Lucas	4	90
200		P & H Kuhnes	5	10
433	163	Hannah Fishburn	28	48
433	130	Margart Butler	7	38
330		John Cochran	7	34
450	80	William Russel	7	34
450	54	Thomas Russel	7	34
400		David Commodore	7	34
450	50	do	29	34
450	120	Daniel Reese	5	10
190		Jesse Evans	"	"
191	130	George Aston	"	"
430		Asa Rowland	10	46
430		John Scott	14	28
264	80	William Wintar	14	14
450		George McClenahan	3	34
450	160	Jacob Weiss	"	"
410		John Singer	10	27
433	160	Abram Weiss	25	62
418	40	William Hood	25	62
190		John McClure	7	34
190		Packer & Lucas	7	34
190	150	Jonathan Hervey	14	62
431		Moses Hood	14	62
143		Anna Deal	4	70
300		Nathaniel Davis	7	34
150		Simpson Davis	"	"
150		Evan Miles	"	"
150		Sam'l Miles	"	"
150		Wm Chancellor	"	"
150		Samuel Scott	"	"
166	114	John Price	3	78
166	114	Wm Wilson	3	78
150		Robert Shaw	3	78
150		Unknown	3	78
40		do	1	04
40		do	1	04
170		M Gonagood	4	46
170	70	John Curtin	"	"
170		John McClure	"	"
150		Mary Jane	"	"
150	111	James Curtin	"	"
428		James Brooks	"	"
300		Susan Reese	"	"
300		William Lane	"	"
433	163	M Godfrey	"	"
300		J M Godfrey	"	"
300		Rebecca Kelso	"	"
176	97	Packer & Lucas	"	"
176	94	of Fetzer	"	"
300		William Wilson	4	60

Burnside township.

433	120	Robert Gray		
"	"	William Dewart	20	54
"	"	James Towers	"	"
"	"	William Gray	"	"
"	"	John Dewart	"	"
415		John Weitzel	"	"
415		Jas Black	19	51
415		do J Wallace	"	"
433	120	William Cook	"	"
"	120	John Cowden	20	34
"	"	Wm P Brady	"	"
"	"	Henry Shaefer	"	"
"	"	John Housel	"	"
"	"	John Lyon	"	"
"	"	Charles Gobin	"	"
"	"	John Brady	"	"
"	"	John Kidd	"	"
"	"	Henry Donnelly	"	"
"	180	Robert Brady	"	"
"	120	John Donnelly	"	"
4 of				
365	62	Walter Stewart	9	40
1 of				
420	68	Paul Cox	"	"
1 of				
125		John Vaughn	1	94
1 of				
108	83	Jeremiah Parker	2	58
433	163	John Irvin	20	34
"	130	Wm D Kerrin	"	"
"	"	Touch Francis	25	95
"	"	George Harrison	"	"
"	"	John Nicholson	"	"
"	"	Mathew Irvin	18	48
"	"	George Meade	32	95
"	"	Charles Pettit	24	67
453		Pearson Hunt	32	95
"	"	George McClanahan	"	"
"	"	Polly McClanahan	"	"
"	"	Andrew McClanahan	"	"
"	"	Francis Johnston	24	67
"	"	William McPherson	44	60
379	120	William Bell	22	62
433	153	Charles Stewart	24	67
"	152	John Donaldson	"	"
"	"	Michal O'Brien	14	69
283		Andrew Pettit	21	70
397		David Lewis	18	66
415		John Shyn	19	50
383		Richard Waln	17	97
418		Jos Waln	19	40
76		John Barron	19	50
433		Eli Canby	20	33
"	168	John Rugg	"	"
415		Mollie wharton	17	50
50		Unknown	10	14
216	166	Jere Parker	"	"
140		of Henry Harris	3	52
100		Michal O'Brien	2	05
130		David Lenox	6	08
433	153	Wm Bingham	20	34
"	"	John Barclay	"	"
388	96	Jas Hall	36	46
76		Unknown	2	35
300		Francis Gurney	4	70
50		Unknown	1	84
100		of Henry Harris	2	35
140		do do	3	29
433	163	Charles Hall	33	50
"	151	Samuel Ewing	6	81
"	"	Alexander Fullerton	"	"
"	"	Robert Gray	4024	
"	"	Thomas Grant	290	
"	"	Washington Hall	264	
302	100	Sarah Hall	4	74
426	144	Samuel C Hall	6	62
433	151	William Gray	6	91
419	140	John E Hall	6	58
433	151	Thomas Hamilton	6	81
"	"	Jeremiah Jackson	"	"
424	128	Francis Johnston	"	"
433	151	Daniel Reese	"	"
"	"	Thomas Reese	"	"
410	"	Joseph Wallace	6	44
415		Jesse Waln	19	50
433	151	George W Hall	6	81
"	"	Nancy Hall	"	"
"	"	William Brady	683	
"	"	John Brady	"	"
"	"	John Barron Jr	"	"
429		William Davison	6	76
408	96	James Davison	5	42
404		John Davison	6	31
448		Robt Davison	7	05
433	151	William Davison Jr	6	97
"	"	William Ewing	6	81
"	"	James S Ewing	"	"
"	"	John Ewing	"	"
"	"	Hannah Ewing	"	"
"	"	John Ewing Jr	"	"
433	"	Anna Ewing	6	26

Curtin township.

433	163	Tho P Hale	35	64
"	153	Garret Cottinger	17	08
424	80	Thos P Wharton	50	00
411		Josiah Haines	98	05
207		of Robt Annesly	38	14
415		John McCalley	18	26
"		Charles Allen	46	55
207		Caleb Launs	16	86
"		Isaac Longstreth	20	24
415		Jos Taylor	66	00
448	99	Andrew Epple	13	20
392	8	Robt Irvin	32	40
439	138	N L Atwood	34	55
300	19	N L Atwood	28	10
304	4	Job W Packer	20	40
159	32	Job W Packer	11	16
158	98	Job W Packer	13	20
433	163	Fishburn Wharton	66	00
194	85	John C Hyleman	16	95
415		Peter Hahn	59	40
"		Susen Hahn	29	70
"		Jos Thomas	36	79
"		Jac Wahln	36	79
"		Nathaniel Levy	30	69
"		Thomas Humphries	36	79
"		Robert Gray	36	52
"		William Gray	37	29
461		William Yardley	15	28
376		Samuel Baird	46	20
415		Richard Tunis	28	93
300		N L Atwood	6	88
207		Robt Annesley	32	48
380		Jos Kelso	62	71
337		Lindly Coates	35	31
415		William Gilbert	59	13
207		of Caleb Lacus	15	38
207		of Jesse Longstreth	16	04
433	163	James White	59	73
433	168	Abijah Davis	29	00
433	162	Joseph Higbee	24	90
415		Jesse Brooks	72	60
431	187	Martha Godfrey	49	58
100		of Peter Smith	8	25
106	142	Mary Lane	9	92
396	196	Jos Kelso	31	07

40		Paul Burtin	10	14
147		Jesse Hall	44	60
433	163	Thomas Hale	26	49
433	150	Samuel Scott	14	86
398	80	Robert Irwin	17	60
200		John Palmer	13	20
420	48	Philip Meyers	29	48
415		Simeon Meyers	11	66
427	48	Valentine Meyers	17	17
420	"	Michael Meyers	16	25
416		Esther Eddy	47	51
"		Carper Wistar	26	40
200	120	David Carscadden	9	90
313	4	do	7	15
390	27	do	14	99
461		William Yardy	15	18
376		Samuel Baird	36	99
35		Henry Donnel	2	64
434		Mary Tillman	33	00
433	168	Thomas McKwin	15	24
53	14	Cline Quigley	1	70
300		Mathew Leech	4	40
415		Richard Tunis	8	80
216	163	Fishburn Wharton	19	04
50		J W & L C Packer	5	28
1 of				
434		Job W Packer	3	97
1 of				
434		Wm P Mitchell	6	36
8 of				
400		do	5	87
1 of				
220		do	2	76
1 of				
434		Joseph Devling	5	54
1 of				
526		Job W Packer	4	05
1 of				
390		Jno P Mitchell	2	44
434		Fishburn Wharton	8	29
1 of				
55		Cline Quiglev		85
144		J W Packer	5	52
294	81	Charles Burce	18	98
"	"	Martha Godfrey	17	98
"	"	John Meyers	17	98
94	12	John Curtin	7	45
71	181	Roland Curtin	5	85
150	142	Sarah Lane	12	32
250		Jno W Godfrey	20	57
188		Wm P Brady	15	51
160		Richard Tunis	7	04
200		do	6	60
144		J W Packer	6	16
433	150	Samuel Scott	11	44

Ferguson Township.

162	116	George Kohlmyer	32	00
155	127	Jos Barnett	8	64
328		John Anderson	2	58
116	03	George Nice	20	01
200		Jacob Lite	7	79
222	14	Peter Crispin	4	16
400	64	Samuel Duncan	34	30
36	47	Thomas McCullough	2	20
70		Leonard Hawthorn	21	50
10	10	Isaac Worrell	2	80
388	49	Alfred B Crewit	25	20
404	19	Thomas Ferguson	11	50
418	23	Aaron Levy	12	50
404	115	James Moors	12	08
382		Hannah Turner	11	36
398	122	Daniel Turner	12	90
151		Dydia Fowler	15	00
91		Jacob Way	8	10
15		Henry Medler	2	70
150		Richard Gintee	6	00
225		Richard Mosley	13	50
117		Henry Manley	10	60
300		Berry Horner	4	20
40		John McKean	2	40
300		Robert Rankin	18	00
337		Isaac Buckle	18	00
400		Jas Baker	6	00
400		John Petherbridge	6	00
300		Josiah Lusby	3	70
125		John Forth	8	00
110		John Petherbridge	3	06
50		John Baker	6	00
26		Samuel Miles	3	10
50		Moses Thomson	6	00
50		John Patton		60
10		Abram Hicks		50
50		Samuel Bryson	18	00
150		Unknown		120

Gregg Township.

372	31	William Hepburn	6	93
382	129	John Cowder	7	09
434	127	Andrew Carson	7	62
380		Bernard Hubby	8	46
330		Alex McDonald	6	29
200		Robt Gray	4	74
"		John Carson		
"		Cornelius Bishop	3	80
252		Jacob Markley	8	00
244		Daniel Reese	4	00
235		Isaac Richardson		
229		Michael Zeigler		76
19		Jacob Dressel		20
52		Unknown	2	00
271		Unknown	14	00
100		do	6	00
233	65	do	12	06
100		do	6	00
50		do	5	00
113		do	5	18
200		do	9	30
20		do		72
		do		168
		do		200

Halfmoon Township.

88		William King	12	26
174		Samuel Bryan	9	47
207		John McKissick	27	74
417	10	Henry Floyd	59	62
308	80	Richard Whitehead	30	09
400

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY May 31., 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week: by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

DEDICATION.—The Lord willing, the new church, in Tylersville, Clinton county, will be dedicated to the service of God, May 19th. Preachers and friends are invited to attend. E. STAMBACH, Pastor.

Also, on the 2nd of June, the new church near Abr. Rockey's old homestead, about 4 miles north-west of Logansville, will be dedicated. E. S.

Fourth Annual Convention of the Centre County Sabbath School Association, to be held in the M. E. Church, at Milesburg, Pa., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 4th, 5th and 6th, 1872.

Delegates, on reaching Milesburg, will be assigned to homes by calling on the Committee, in the Lecture Room of the M. E. Church.

JAMES A BEAVER, President.
JAS. F. WEAVER, Cor. Sec'y.
R. CRITTENDEN, Rec. Secy.

Smith, mine host of the Old Fort Hotel, always has a nice dish of ice-cream for you.

The railroad suits have been discontinued. The attorneys on the two sides after holding a consultation, came to the conclusion that the stock-subscriptions were valid, and that payment could not be avoided. Some of the parties who wished to test the matter have accordingly paid their stock, and the others, also agree to do the same. We are glad this conclusion was arrived at before much litigation was had, as the attendant heavy costs were avoided which burden all matters in law now-a-days.

BELLEFONTE AND LEWISTOWN R. R.—The Board of Directors of this Company, says the Republican, held a special meeting on Friday evening last to receive the Report of their Chief Engineer, Alexander Worrall, Esq. His instrumental examinations were confined to the southern slope of the 'Seven Mountains,' and he reports a practical route from a point on the Summit some four miles west of Foust's *via*, the Stone creek Gap, and thence across Buck Ridge and out through Cooper's Gap into Kishacoquillas Valley, decending the slope by going west and crossing the valley at Henry P. Taylor's; and thence *via*, the valley of the Kishacoquillas creek connecting with the Mifflin Co. Road at Reedsville.

By this route the whole distance from Bellefonte to Lewistown, will be about fifty-one miles as against the present Railroad distance of eighty-nine miles The first trial line in the Kishacoquilas valley, ran as far west as Belleville (Greenwood): but this, made the whole distance too great.

The Engineer is of the opinion, that the line may be still shortened one or two miles, by going into Kishacoquilas Valley, thence to Reedsville around Straley's Knob, *via* Patt's Valley, and at less cost of construction than his estimates for the Cooper's Gap route. In view, however, of the increased traffic insured, the larger Subscriptions promised, and the greater accomodations to the public, the Board of Directors seem inclined to adopt the line, out through Cooper's Gap, crossing the valley at Taylor's.

On the Western slope of the mountains, one of the former surveys will be adopted, if, upon more thorough examination, nothing better presents. The Engineer, however, inclines to the opinion, that a better line than either, can be found by passing out from Dechtol's knob into, and around the head of "The Loop," and thence, around to the foot of Tussey's mountain to Bellwood, and thence to Bellefonte —from the east end of Tussey's mountain constructing a short gravity road to Potter's Mills, to be worked in connection with the main line.

The maximum gradients will be 60 feet to the mile ascending, and 86 feet per mile descending, going East, with maximum curvature of 90,637, feet radius.

The Board of Directors are now, we understand, endeavoring to make satisfactory arrangements with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and with the other connecting roads, in relation to traffic, rates of charges, etc., etc. This accomplished, the preliminary work, will all have been put in order for the work to begin.

Now, let the whole people of Bellefonte and Centre county arouse themselves to the magnitude, benefits and great business and financial importance of this work.

Horses.

Prof. St. John is in town, staying two weeks, giving instructions in Horse Educating and curing all diseases horses are subject to.

The partnership of Zeller & Jarrett, in the drug business, has been dissolved and the business is now carried on as heretofore at the same stand, by J. Zeller & Son. Give them a call. Purer and better drugs than they keep, can not be had.

Bellefonte would like to sell its fire engine to Centre Hall, and then buy for itself a steam engine. What say our people? we should have an engine here.

Miss Annie Shannon, member of the graduating class of Lutherville, Md., Female Seminary, will accept the thanks of the editor and family, for acomplimentary to commencement exercises of the class, June, 20th, next.

FIRE.—On last Saturday night, the store of Kreamer & Cooke, at Oak Hall, was destroyed by fire. The fire was discovered about 10 o'clock, when the alarm was given, but had already gained such headway that it was impossible to put it out, and nearly the entire stock of goods was burned, causing a loss of about $6000, on which there is an insurance of $3000 in the Pennsvalley company, and $2500 in a Philadelphia company. The building belonged to Messrs. Stemm, and upon it there was no insurance. The cause of the fire is not known, and is supposed, to have originated between the partitions, probably through rats having matches.

Harris Bro's, photographers, have our thanks for a fine picture of the Reporter office. They remain only about a week yet, which all should make a note of, that wish good pictures.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for June,—Conspicious among its contents are, Wm. Orten, President of the Western Telegraph Co.; What is the Tariff Question? by Horace Greeley; Steal or Starve! Sir Francis Crossley, M. P.; Monticello, Famous as the Home of Thomas Jefferson; Expression; The Chinese in the Philippines; Preachers and Preaching; Boy's Library; Carbon and its Different Forms; Paul Du Chaillu, the famous Traveller; Life Insurance; A Bad Pen, etc. Terms, $3 a year. S. R. Wells, Publisher, New York.

Marriage and the Death-rate.

The death-rate in the married and unmarried was the subject of a paper recently read by M. Bertillon before the Academy of Medicine in Paris. The results are based on statistics derived from France, Belgium, and Holland and are as follows: Of married men between the ages 25 and 30, the death-rate was 4 per thousand, unmarried 10 per thousand, widowers 22 per thousand. Of married and unmarried women the rate was the same, viz: 9 per thousand, while in widows it was 17.

In persons from 30 to 35 the death-rate among married men was 11, the unmarried 5, and the widowers 19 per thousand. Among the women it was 5 for the married, 10 for the unmarried, and 15 per thousand for the widows, from which we obtain the following tables:—

AGE.	MEN.			
25 to 30.	Mar'ed 4.	Unmar 10.	Widowers	22.
30 to 35.	" 11.	" 5.	"	19.
Total for decade	15.	15.		41.
AGE.	WOMEN.			
25 to 30,	Mar'ed, 9.	Unmar. 9.	Widows,	17.
30 to 35.	" 5.	" 10.	"	15.
Total for decade	14.	19.		32.

Which demonstrate that while in the case of men the death-rate was the same throughout the decade for the married and unmarried, there was a great fatality among the widowers. We may, therefore conclude that while the married state does not actively improve the sanitary condition in men, the relapse into the unmarried state is attended by a great fatality. The apparent explanation of this result is the reduction in the tone of the system from the mental affliction that follows the wife, and doubtless a critical examination into the diseases which carry off widowers in such large proportion would support this hypothesis.

The singular fatality among widowers might be advanced as an argument against the married state for it is not attended by any corresponding advantage, since the rate is the same both in the married and unmarried; but this is only a superficial view of the case, for it must not be forgotten that the very increase in the death-rate among widowers shows how much they have lost in losing their companions, and that loss is an indirect but no less certain evidence that *there was* a gain, although it may appear to be obscure.

Among women, on the contrary, marriage reduced the death-rate nearly one-third during the decade; it had, *therefore*, and excellent sanitary effect. On relapsing into the single state of widowhood a great increase in the death-rate is again seen, although in a less degree than in men. Applying in the this instance the same argument as in the case of the men, we are driven to the conclusion that while the loss of the companion increases the death-rate among women, the results are not as fatal as among men, in the proportion, as the table shows, of forty-one in the men, to thirty-two in the women.—*Scribner's for June.*

DEATH OF THE CANNIBAL DWARF.—All will read with interest and horror, this article from the York Daily of the 15th instance:

"Barnum's museum, menagerie and hippodrome met with quite a loss yesterday in the death of the notorious Cannibal dwarf, which occured at the Pennsylvania hotel, in this place. The little Fiji exhibited symptoms of indisposition several days ago, and the manager, Mr. W. C. Coup, sent the 'General,' as he is called to New York to be cared for by Mr. Barnum's family physician. But the little savage becoming restless in the absence of his associates he was returned to the company.

Like all of his race he had a native horror of shoes and clothing, and even in the wet, cold days that came upon the company in New Jersey, the manager was unable to force shoes upon General, and dress with sufficient warmth. Yesterday the man in charge noticed that his fingers were constantly in motion, while he muttered continually, the only word he ever pronounced intelligibly, 'Fiji.' He refused everything like food or nourishment and appparently thought of nothing but his native island.—Dancing or violent gesturing of any kind was always a source of great merriment to the General, but now the keeper could not provoke even a smile.

The minature being was dying, and while his keeper was doing his best to cheer him up and make him take medicine he rose in bed, muttered 'Fiji' in a whisper and fell back dead. His three native companions who up to this time were wholly indifferent, now exhibited all the symptoms of genuine grief. They howled incessantly, and such fearful physical contortions were probably never before witnessed in a civilized community.

The death of this savage dwarf was not an unexpected event. The scene subsequent, however, sent a thrill through each of the very few conversant with the facts. Shortly after the corpse was placed in the coffin, last evening, Mr. S. S. Smith, the keeper, locked the door upon the three companions in an adjoining room, and left the building for the purpose of consulting with the manager at the National hotel. He states that he was not absent thirty minutes, but that upon returning, a scene presented itself too horrible to detail.

The two male associates had gained access to the corpse, and were biting and knawing at the fleshy part of the body with all the eagerness of their Cannibalism! The female stood aloof in one corner, and by sign, word and gesture was entreating them to desist. It is understood that this woman is a convert to the teachings of English Missionaries, and looks with abhorrence upon all the unchristian habits of her tribe.

Mr. Smith promptly interfered and the two miserable beings went sullenly to their appartment. All regret the unnatural affair, and none more than the parties directly interested. The remains were quietly buried in the evening."

Stokes Still Holds the Winning Card —Beauty of the Law's Delays.

New York, May 24.—Stokes was arraigned yesterday but by instructions of counsel refused to plead. The court ordered a plea of not guilty to be entered. The District Attorney then moved to proceed to trial, but Stokes's counsel asked for a commission to go to England and examine Dorman B. Eaton, said to be an important witness for the defense, and read a long affidavit in support thereof. After some discussions, court decided to adjourn the case till the third Monday of June, to give counsel time for the issuance and return of a commission. The special plea presented by Stokes' counsel yesterday was overruled.

Suspension in the Luzerne Region.

The miners of the Spring Mountain coal company, at Jeansville, turned out on suspension on Thursday on account of the discharge of John Cury, a prominent member of the union. The company has issued circulars to other operators, which prevent the men from procuring work at other mines. This causes a high state of feeling among the miners, and it is feared that the suspension fever will extend throughout the whole Lehigh region, if not beyond it, as the whole action of the company is declared to be in direct violation of the decision of the umpire under which the long suspension was settled. There at present seems to be no prospects of either party yielding.

Grant's Friends Vainly Using Soft Solder on Jefferson Davis.

Correspondence of The Sun.

Baltimore, May 20—There was a little social gathering here a few evenings ago. A number of Philadelphians belonging to the Loyal League dined with Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Confederate States. The Loyal Leaguers are warm friends of President Grant. Among them was Mr. D. Docharty, Mr. George W. Childs, and Mr. Morton McMichael. They all felt for Mr. Davis. They drew illustrations to prove that Grant was never very magnanimous toward the South. Mr. Davis sipped his champagne and looked at the Leaguers with his piercing gray eyes, but said nothing. Then one of these gentlemen poured out all the eloquence of his soul in depicting the deep and earnest sympathy felt for the South by Grant from the time of Lee's surrender up to the present. Mr. Davis still sipped his champagne and was silent. After listening twenty minutes longer to the Loyal Leaguers, he assured them that a friend in need was a friend indeed, and that they might take it for granted that as far as he and his house were concerned they would support Old Honesty. The Loyal Leaguers then disappeared like a flock of blackbirds.

A Ku-Klux Fiction Exploded.

The following letter from General J. B. Gordon tells its own story;

New York, May 20.

Hon. John Scott United States Senator from Pennsylvania:

SIR: My attention has been called to some remarks made by you in the United States Senate on Friday, the 17th inst in which you allege that "General J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, was among the organizers and earliest leaders" of the Ku-Klux.

Not satisfied with the prompt denial by two of your brother Senators, you sought, in furtherance of the political object which is apparent throughout your remarks, still to impress the idea that "General Gordon refused to tell all he knew upon the subject," and you affect to believe that I had concealed facts within my knowledge for dishonest purposes.

It is not for me to contrast my motives, my honor or integrity with yours, but your persistent reiteration in your place in the Council Chamber of the nation of a statement already stamped as a falsehood, demands some notice from me. You cannot be ignorant of the fact that I distinctly stated in my testimony that I knew nothing of any such order as "Ku-Klux," save what I had seen in the newspapers; that I had belonged to an organization of gentlemen, the nature of which was that of a police for the preservation of the peace in the disorganized state of our society; that there was no political idea in it; that it had never within my knowledge called a meeting of its members; that I had never seen or heard of a disguise in Georgia except those worn by two captured robbers, who were members of and fit representatives of your own political party as it exists in many portions of the South, and these two, I believe, are now in the Georgia Penitentiary. This is my impression as stated in my testimony before the Investigating Committee in Washington.

If your vision, sir, had not been distorted by prejudice, which I respectfully submit is unworthy of the high position you hold as a representative of a great nation, you would have seen upon your Southern tour what every honorable Northern man who goes amongst us sees, viz., that whatever crimes have been committed in the South are the direct outgrowth of the wrongs perpetrated by the infamous State government you have set up over us.

I challenge your denial of the following facts: Whatever apprehensions were felt at the cessation of the war for the peace of society and safety of citizens, in consequence of the overthrow of our local governments, the disbanding of an army suddenly made paupers, and the emancipation of a whole race of slaves, these apprehensions were all soon allayed.

The kindliest relations existed between the two races; peace and an observance of law were everywhere found. And never, sir, until your carpet-bag governments, through the fears and cupidity of the poor deluded negro, had embittered him against us, and by his aid and yours had robbed our treasures, plundered our corporations, blighted our agriculture, blasted our hopes, and hung debt like a millstone about our necks—never until then, and until the administration of law became a mockery and political subserviency a passport to Executive clemency for crime, was the peace in the South ever broken, or ill will engendered between the races.

And it is this diabolism you would continue in the South. Like the tormenter in the Spanish bullfights, you continually fling the bloody flag in the face of the negro, and goad the white man to desperation with the bayonet, that the inevitable conflict may furnish the excuse for the perpetuation of your despotism. I pray that the American people may rebuke this spirit in the coming elections, and let the reign of constitutional government be once more inaugurated.

But be that as it may, I shall not permit you by my silence to bolster up the fortunes of a political party by thus dragging my name into notoriety, without asking you to carry also the responsibility of the wilful falsehood you have perpetrated in the effort.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours.

J. B. GORDON, of Georgia.

Doom of the Communists—Three Notorious Insurrectionists Executed.

Paris, May 25.—Perister, Boin and Bandier, three notorious communists, who during the reign of the commune, made themselves infamous in connection with some of the worst crimes then perpetrated were executed this morning, in accordance with the sentence pronounced by the Versailles commission.

The execution took place shortly after two o'clock. At an early hour the prisoners were brought from their cells, and under a strong military guard, conducted to the camp, where the firing party was drawn up to receive them.

A hollow square, opened at one end, and the prisoners placed in the centre. The three men exhibited the utmost fortitude and courage to the last. The command to fire was given, and the communists, shouting "Vive la commune," fell, riddled with bullets. The tripple execution was witnessed by only a few persons except the military and prison officials.

The most complete back down, is that of the Grant administration in the treaty of Washington; it made a great bluster of forcing England to pay all the expenses of the war since the battle of Gettysburg and a bill of indirect damages large enough to pay off our entire national debt. The Age remarks that the Senate has done what it can to rescue the administration from the ridiculous position in which it had placed itself. There was no creditable exit from it; and the discredit is lightened by bringing in the Senate to share it. A preposterous claim was advanced, which the whole world pronounced to be ridiculous. It was advanced without any warrant or in the treaty, but it was slipped into the "case" for "Buncombe." No "political capital" has been made by it—quite the contrary. The backing out, for such it is, thinly sugar-coated, is the most ignominous strait than any government was ever reduced to. So much for imbecility in office, and too much thought about Buncombe. Had the administration taken a straightforward, manly course it would have kept out of this scrape, or got out of it with more dignity. As it is, General Grant cannot repeat the dispatch of the old French King: "All is lost except our honor." We lose all the cost of the war (after Gettysburg), which the administration all its organs swore we were entitled to, and we lose our credit into the bargain. We hope our merchants will now get their long-delayed claims, but for the payment of these neither Treaty nor Supplemental Treaty provides. Great Britain, flushed with success, now goes to the arbitrators with a total denial that she owes anything. Surely this has been a terrible ill-managed business.

The weather is fine, by spells cool, on Monday some localities had heavy rains.

(By telegraph to the New York Tribune.)

Washington, May 17.—The events of this week have opened the eyes of the President in regard to the political situation more than anything that has previously happened. These events have been the re-election of Senator Ferry by the co-operation of the Liberal Republicans and Democrats of the Connecticut Legislature, and the other is the action of the New York State Democratic Convention. Having the greatest confidence in Col. Forney's judgement, the President sent for him, yesterday, and he arrived here this morning, prepared to remain a week. This evening Col. Forney was invited to dine at the White House, and a long conversation ensued on the great political topics of the day.

The President was greatly surprised to find that Colonel Forney did not think that the nomination of Mr. Greeley at Baltimore would be a good thing for the present administration. All of his friends had told him that he was sure to get more Democratic votes than Mr. Greeley, and he hardly knew how to take it when Colonel Forney told him that it was a delusion which he had better rid himself of as soon as possible. "I have been in the Democratic party," said Forney "and I know that those who compose it always vote solidly together. Men may laugh at the idea that Horace Greeley should be a candidate, but they know little of the strength and popularity he has with the people."

Colonel Forney repeated to the President, that if the Democrats concluded, at Baltimore, to support Mr. Greeley, General Grant need expect no assistance from that party. Mr. Voorhees, and the few who go with him, he said, will have no influence upon the masses of the people.

Colonel Forney returned to Philadelphia to-night, and the Press-President greatly fears that he is preparing to announce that he shall support the Cincinnnati ticket. Senator Cameron told the President recently that Colonel Forney would be on the other side before the October elections and General Grant begins to think that there may be some truth in what Mr. Cameron told him.

The Boston Post says of the recent meeting of Colonel Mosby and Gen. Grant:

In was altogether a joyful interview, and one may easily imagine that Mosby, as he expressed himself, "doesn't feel small in Grant's presence." But we may admire the wordly wisdom of General Grant in securing the allegiance of the most notorious bushwhacker of the rebellion, even at the sacrifice of official dignity, it is to be hoped, now that the President has taken Mosby to his bosom, that the sin of Horace Greeley in signing Jeff Davis's bail-bond will be in a measure condoned.

MARRIAGES.

On the 23rd inst., at the Reformed Parsonage in Boalsburg, by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Emanuel Fye, and Miss Julia A. Meyers, both of Benner twp.

DEATHS.

On May 17th, in Plainfield, Ill., Samuel Keith, son of Jacob and Mary A. Koch of Centre county, Pa., aged 32 years, 1 month and 19 days.

On 25th, in Miles twp., Peter Klinefelter, aged 46 years, 3 months.

LIGHTNING SAWS

at Manufacturers prices. For sale by

W. J. M'MANIGAL,
may 31.3m. Milroy.

ESTRAY.—A two year old mare, with white face, and white feet, came to the premises of the undersigned, living on Jerry Kline's farm, in Brushvalley, about two weeks ago. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and remove the same. LEVI LONG.
may 31.3t

J. ZELLER & SON

DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa.

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Appeals will be held at the Commissioners' office in Bellefonte for the different townships, on the following days, viz:

On Monday June 10th, 1872, Miles, Haines, Penn, Gregg and Potter townships.

On Tuesday June 11th Harris, Ferguson, Halfmoon, Patton and Walker townships.

On Wednesday June 12th, Marion, Liberty, Curtin, and Howard townships, Howard Boro.

On Thursday June 13th, Boggs and Milesburg Boro, Union and Union townsh p, Unionville Boro, Huston and Worth townships.

On Friday June 14th, Taylor, Burnside, Snow Shoe, Rush townships, Philipsburg Boro.

On Monday June 17th, Bellefonte Boro, Benner and Spring townships.

JOSEPH MCCLOSKEY,
J. G. SANKEY,
S. F. FOSTER,
Attest: Com'rs.
WM. FURY Clerk. may24-5t.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of Admisistration on the estate of Susannah Neese, late of Penn twp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons, knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

WM. GROVE,
may24. 6t Administrator.

Gift & Flory's

New Shoe Store!

AT CENTRE HALL

They have now opened, and will constantly keep on hand, a splendid stock of new SHOES, GAITERS, & SLIPPERS, for men, women and children, from the best manufactories in the country, and now offered at the

Lowest Prices.

BOOTS and SHOES made to order, upon short notice. They invite the people of this vicinity to give them a call, as they will strive to merit a share of their patronage. my10tf

Good News for the Ladies.

SPRING OPENING OF

Bonnets, Trimmings Millinery, at

MRS. MARY E. SHOOPE'S

In Centre Hall,

Mrs. M. E. Shoope, has just returned from Philadelphia, with the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of New Bonnets, New Hats, Elegant Trimmings, &c.,

which will be sold or made up, as usual at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early, First come, first served. may9 4i.

Beautiful Toilet Setts,

Chamber Pails, &c.,

For sale by

apr26. tf. WM. J. M'MANIGAL.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

Shipwrecked off Labrador.

Halifax, N. S., May 20.—The Harbor Grace papers contain details of a fearful disaster which occurred at Labrador. On the 11th of March last, the brig Huntsman, Captain Robert Dawes, sailed from Harbor Grace with a crew of sixty two men on a sealing voyage. When off Cape Charles, Labrador on Saturday, April 20th, in company with the Rescue, Vesta and Lord Clyde, and near Battle Harbor the Huntsman was forced ahead, a gale from the northeast suddenly sprung up and the *Huntsman* was driven upon the rocks. The night was pitch dark. Before the vessel struck, three seamen saw the rocks and jumped overboard to try and save themselves, but were instantly killed by the rush of floating ice. The remaining fifty-nine took the rigging and in five minutes afterwards both masts went over. Only seventeen of the crew escaped. Of these seventeen all but three were variously injured by having their arms and legs broken and bodies bruised. They managed to reach the Rescue by crawling over the ice a distance of half a mile. Forty-five men were lost, most of them leaving families at or near Harbor Grace. The other vessels escaped with little damage.

New York, May 24.—The strikes among the different organizations continue. The Eight Hour League held a mass meeting at Teutonic Hall this morning, at which one thousand men were present.

About two hundred and fifty bosses have acceded to the demands of the men up to this morning.

The coffin makers have struck work.

The builders will follow on Monday unless their demands are acceded to by the bosses, and the German painters are still pressing their demands for eight hours.

The German strikers passed a vote of censure on the German newspapers of New York.

A communication has just been received from the Eight Hour League in Boston announcing that a general strike will take place there on the 30th, and asking the German cabinet makers of New York to send a committee to assist the movement.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of sundry writs of venditioni exponas levari facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, and to me directed will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on the 15th day of June, A. D., 1872, the following property to wit:

All that certain lot of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., bounded on east by ——street, on south by high street, west by lot of C. M'Cafferty, and on the north by lot of Mrs. Armer, and an alley containing ½ of an acre more or less thereon erected a large 2 story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Also all the right title and interest of defendant in and to all that certain tract or piece of land situate in Boggs twp., bounded on the north by land of David Lucas, et al on the east by land of John Neiman, on south by land of Milton Neiman, containing 81 acres or thereabouts—40 acres cleared, thereon erected a dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of A Sternberg.

ALSO:

All that certain messuage tenement and lot of ground, situate in the borough of Bellefonte, known as the old Masonic Lodge property, and in the general plan of said Boro., as lot No. 57, bounded on the north by Pike alley, on the east by Penn street, on the south by High street, and on the west by lot on which the old Centre county prison is erected, being the same which John D. Wingate, and Catharine, his wife, by deed bearing date 22nd March, 1868, recorded in deed book, page 399, together with a large 2 story house, stable and other outbuildings thereon erected. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of A. Sternberg.

ALSO:

All that certain tenement or piece of land situate in Benner twp., or the boro., of Bellefonte, beginning at a post on the south-west corner of lot of Jonathan Miller—thence along the line of said lot south 41 deg., east 200 feet, to a post, thence east 39 degrees along the line of Jonathan Miller's lot, 50 feet to a post, thence south 41 degrees 300 feet to a post shence by land of Reuben Valentine south 65 deg., west 100 feet to a post thence north 39 deg., east along the north side of the road leading from Bellefonte to Roopsburg to the place of beginning, containing about one acre, thereon erected a two story plank frame dwelling house and outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John W. Campbell.

All those several tracts of land situated in Ferguson twp., Centre county, Pa. One thereof bounded on the North, by land of Wm. M. Lyon et, al. on the east by land of Houtz, on the south by land of John Brett and on the west by land of Isaac a Ames Harper et al. containing one hundred and ten acres more or less, thereon erected a house and barn, and having about 70 acres cleared. Another thereof, all that certain lot of ground situated in Pine Grove, Centre co., bounded on the north by a lot of G. Ard, east by lot of P. Lytle, south by public road, and west by lot of Parsonage, belonging to St. John Lutheran congregation of Pine Grove Mills, containing about ½ of an acre, thereon erected a house and stable. Another thereof, situated in Ferguson twp., bounded on the north by lands of H. Snyder, east by land of D. Ross, south by land of T. F. Patton, and west by lands of J. H. Mitchell, containing 46 acres all clear. The other thereof, situated in Ferguson twp., is bounded on the north by lands of D. Ross, east by lands of D. Ross, D. Eckels, and others, south by land of Moses Thompson, and others, and west by land of T. F. Patton, containing 40 acres, about 30 acres clear, and having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, barn, and other out buildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John Archey.

ALSO;

All that certain lower lot numbered and designated as lot No. 7 in general plot of Sloydstown, as recorded at Bellefonte in Misellaneous book, and being the same premises now occupied by B. S. Craine, in Rush twp., Centre county, bounded by lot No. and by Calhoun street, Cass street, and Grant street, thereon erected a two story dwelling house, and out buildings. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of B. S. Craine.

ALSO;

A certain lot of ground situated in Rush twp., Centre county, bounded on the north by lot of T. Robison, east by Clearfield and Philipsburg Turnpike road, south by lot of C——, west by lot of David Logan, and extending along the turnpike 50 feet, and 100 feet deep containing ¼ acre, thereon erected a two story dwelling house. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Henry Hoffman.

Sale to commence at one o'clock of said day.

D. W. WOODRING, Sheriff.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of William B. Krise, late of Boggs twp., dec'd, in the orphan's court of Centre county. The auditor appointed by the court to make distribution of the balance, in the hands of Henry Henton, administrator of the estate, to and among the parties thereto, respectfully gives notice, that he will meet all parties interested, to hear and determine such questions as may arise in accordance with the nature of the case and the duties of his appointment, on Monday, the 10th day of June, next at the office, in Bellefonte, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day.

J. S. BARNHART,
may17.3t. Auditor.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Letters Testamentary on the estate of Solomon Rishel, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

DAVID RISHEL,
may17.3t. Executo

Oils

Common Lubricating Oil	30 per gal.
Extra do	60 " "
Fish Oil	90 " "
Winter Bleached Whale Oil	1,10 " "
Extra Lard Oil	1,25 " "

Fine Varnishes, Japans, Linseed Oil, Lewis & Bro's White Lead, Paint Brushes, Dry Paints, Colored paints in oil, Turpentine, Fire proof paint, &c., &c., for sale very low at W. J. McMANIGALS,
may 17 3t. Milroy Pa.

Prothonotary.

We are authorized to announce that Aaron Williams, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

Sheriff.

We are authoroized to announce the name of B. F. Brown, of Harris twp., as a candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Benjamin Shafer, of Walker twp., as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Alex. Shannon, of Centre Hall as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of John Spangler, of Centre Hall, as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by C. D. Keller.

White Wheat $1,90, Red 1,80.... Rye..... 75.....Corn 60 ....Oats 50.....Barley 60. 70.....Clover seed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 09 Butter 25.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 2,00....Red wheat 1,75....Rye 75.....Corn 60.....Oats 55.....Barley 65..... Cloverseed 4,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20c. Eggs 12.....Plaster 9 50

USE

PAIN CURE OIL

"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT"

FOR

Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.

BUY IT! TRY IT!

For Fever and Ague, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Rheumatism, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Lameness, . . Use Pain Cure Oil.

EVERY BOTTLE IS WARRANTED,
And we challenge the world to produce its equal.
Used Externally and Internally by

MAN AND BEAST.

Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we WARRANT IT TO CURE.

It is not a strong ammonia preparation but a soothing compound, made from Pure Vegetable Oils, Herbs and Extracts, and is clean and safe to use.

Sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicines.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

McCLURE & EATON, PROPRIETORS, Reading, Pa

New Clothing Store

A. STERNBERG,

engaged to manage for I. L. Reizenstein, in the corner building, opposite Hoffer's store, Bellefonte, has established a new Clothing Store where the best bargains in the county are offered.

$7.50 to $15 for Suits of the finest Cassimere,

HATS, CAPS

and a full and complete assortment of every thing in the line of Clothing.

Gent's Furnishing Goods

all directly from their own manufactory. Also,

Jewelry, Watches, &c,

They have engaged their old clerk, Mr. A. Sternberg, so well known to the people, and who will be pleased to see his old friends. apr5tf.

Piece goods of every discription, sold low to enable everybody to have his clothing made to order.

A. SUSSMAN

LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of

WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.

Kips and Calf Skins

French and City Finish.

STRING LEATHER, SHOE FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Raw Hides

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Trunks and Valises

OF ALL KINDS,

RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.

Clover and Timothy Seed

always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. apr5.tf.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Zettle, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons, knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

FREDERICK ZETTLE,
may3.6t. Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Samuel Jameson, late of Gregg twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons, knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

JOHN COLDRON,
may3.6t. Administrator.

B. O. DEININGER. A. C. MUSSER.

MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.

New Firm—New Enterprse.

DEININGER & MUSSER,

(Successors to B. O. DEININGER)

We would most respectfully inform the public, that they have taken charge of this old and successful establishment, and propose to carry on the same under renewed auspices.

They have on hand, and will make to order,

MONUMENTS,
COUCHES,
TOMBS &
HEADSTONES,

of any possible design, and price. We use the best grades of marble—

ITALIAN,
CARARA,
AMERICAN STATUARY,
RUTLAND &c.,

and say with perfect assurance, "Our work is our reference."

Shop, foast of Bridge, Millheim. apr26.1y.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a choice property for sale, consisting of a new two story frame house, new stable, and other outbuildings. The lot is a fine one, lying on Main street, Centre Hall, and has a variety of choice fruit trees upon it. For further information apply to M. RICHARD, Ag't. 19apt3m

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

C. D. KELLER,

BISHOP STREET BELLEFONTE, PENNA,

is now prepared, at the Old Stand on Bishop Street, to sell

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Boots, Shoes, Carpets,

CEDAR AND WILLOW WARE, &C., &C,

at greatly reduced prices. He is also prepared to purchase

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN!

FOR WHICH HE WILL PAY THE

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE!

ASH PURCHASERS WILL FIND SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS THERE
apr.19tf. C. D. KELLER

THE KEYSTONE

LIGHTNING ROD CO.

Are the Sole Proprietors of the

Celebrated T. T. Kinsey Patent

Copper Lightning Rod.

Also manufacturers of

COPPER CABLE, RODS AND WEATHER VANES

Of every Deeription and of the most approved Style.

All orders for putting up Rods and Vanes will receive prompt attention if given to

GEISS & COMPANY,

Agents for Centre County
CENTRE HALL, PA. apr12 tf

LAND AT PRIVATE SALE.

A lot of land, lying in Gregg township, on the banks of Penn's creek, between Penn Hall and Spring Mills, is offered at private sale. It adjoins lands of Geo. Buchanan and L. B. M'Intire, containing 24 ACRES

more or less. About 8 acres consist of first class white pine timber, the balance cleared and under cultivation—5 acres are meadow.

For further particulars apply to
13oct.tf C. H HENNICK, Gregg twp.

I. Guggenheimer.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

embracing

READY MADE CLOTHING,

DRESS GOODS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES,

and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with

Only a Passing Thought.

'Twas only a passing thought, my friend,
Only a passing thought.
That came over my mind like a ray of the sun
In the ripple of waters caught;
And it seemed to me, as I say to thee,
That sorrow, and shame, and sin,
Might disappear from our happy sphere,
If we knew but to begin—
I we knew but how to profit
By wisdom dearly bought:
'Twas only a passing thought, my friend,
Only a passing thought.

Why should the nation fight, my friend,
Why should not warfare cease?
And all the world would repose
In innocence and peace.
It seems to me, as I say to thee,
The weak may yet be strong;
There needs but the love of breath and faith
To right the weary wrong—
To right the weary wrong, my friend,
Throughout the world mistaught;
'Twas only a passing thought, my friend,
Only a passing thought.

But though only a passing thought, my friend,
You know as well as I
That thoughts have a fashion to grow to deeds
Under the ripening sky.
Speak it out; let it walk or run,
Or fly on the wings of the wind,
Or, better still, on the wings of the Press,
For the service of mankind;
For the service of mankind, my friend,
That needs but to be taught:
'Twas only a passing thought, my friend,
Only a passing thought.

Farm, Garden and Household.

GRUB IN SHEEP. — Tobacco-smoke blown up the nostrils of the sheep has sometimes been effectual in dislodging the grubs; it is not often that sheep die with grubs, though they are often annoyed by them. To prevent them, keep the sheep's noses smeared with tar during the warm summer months, when the fly abounds.

LIME AND SALT MIXTURE.—"D. Y. H.," Washington Co., Ill., asks how lime and salt should be mixed for applying to wheat, and when it should be applied. Slake the lime with a quantity of water in which salt has been dissolved until it can take up no more, sufficient to reduce the lime to a fine dry powder. Five or six bushels per acre of this mixture may be spread early in spring over the wheat. Its effect is generally to stiffen the straw.

CORN.—Nothing is more important in raising corn than to secure a "good start." It is half the race. A fine, mellow soil is of the first importance. The best way to secure this depends on circumstances. Every farmer must determine this matter for himself. As a rule, we seldom harrow the land sufficiently. Corn can not thrive among clods. Our own practice, when planted in hills, is to soak the corn from twelve to twenty-four hours in warm soft water, and dry it with plaster. By exercising due precautions, the same thing may be done when sowing with a drill.

BEST METHOD WITH OBSTINATE BUTTER.—A Virginia contributor writes as follows for the benefit of a farmer correspondent who detailed his troubles in churning and asked "how to make the butter come quickly." Having been a sufferer from the same annoyance, and having discovered a very simple remedy, and one which in our case has proved entirely successful, I think it right to make it known. It is simply to place in each two-gallon jar of cream one pint of buttermilk. My wife, following the good old Virginia style, delights in taking charge of the dairy department after it comes from the stable to the house. She has the milk skimmed into gallon crocks and placed in the cellar for twenty-four hours, then skims the cream, which is put into two-gallon jars, to each of which one pint of the buttermilk of the last churning is added, keeps the cream at about a temperature of sixty-five degrees, until it gets to the consistency of clabber, which generally takes about forty-eight hours, when with but little trouble the old-fashioned dasher brings the golden butter.

HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS FOR HATCHING.—Having been a long time in the business of raising fancy poultry, I, like many others, have suffered much from the eggs being chilled at about this season of the year. As fancy eggs are now in demand, or soon will be, it is of vital importance to the breeder to know how to preserve his eggs which are now being laid, so as to be able to supply the urgent demand; for every person wants eggs at about the same time, and wants them with the germ of vitality uninjured. This is is a very simple process. I am, and have long been, a breeder of fancy poultry, and this is my method: Let every nest have a good bottom of waste paper, which, of course, is to be covered with straw; look sharp after the eggs, and after allowing the animal heat to subside about half, pack in a box in a cellar, in a dry place, with any kind of dry waste paper. When you want to ship, procure pasteboard boxes, and pack the eggs in paper shavings; then wrap in as much as a dozen thicknesses or more of paper, and tie tight; this prevents, to a great extent, concussion, which destroys so many eggs shipped to a distance. Eggs thus packed may be sent through a zero temperature without danger of being chilled in the transit. All intelligent persons know that paper is a non-conductor. Let those who do not know this fact place a common newspaper or two between the bedclothes and remove a heavy blanket or quilt at the same time, and they will s on satisfy themselves beyond doubt.—*Country Gentleman.*

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

Sod Land can be plowed after a soaking rain earlier than fall-plowed or stubbles. And a steel plow will make a clean furrow slice where a cast-iron plow will clog. But it is doubtful whether it is or is not advisable to avail ourselves of these facts. Sod land is just as wet as the stubble land, and if one would be injured by plowing, it is not easy to understand why the sod land would not be injured also. It is one of those points, however, on which we need more light.

Oats can be sown on a great range of soils, from a black mark to the heaviest clays. Of all the small grains they will stand the greatest neglect, but well repay good cultivation. They are sown on new-plowed sod land, and occasionally do well enough to induce farmers to continue the practice, notwithstanding the fact that in nine cases out of ten the result is anything but satisfactory. Better plant corn on the sod land, and sow oats after the corn.

Peas in many sections are so much affected by the pea-beetle, or what is improperly called "the bug," that their culture is almost entirely abandoned. There is at present no known remedy. Getting seed entirely free from bugs, or dipping the seed for a moment in boiling water, are popular remedies, but are not based on any satisfactory reason. Late sowing is to a certain extent a remedy, but the crop is almost invariably a poor one. Better sow as early as possible, and try to raise a great crop, and feed out the crop to pigs before the bug eats out much of the substance of the peas.

Potatoes do much better on a rich clover sod than on rich stubble land. It is time we paid more attention to enriching the soil for this crop. The labor of digging an acre yielding only 90 bushels, is nearly or quite as great as digging an acre that will yield 250 bushels, and if the soil is in good condition, the latter yield can be safely calculated on, with a good variety, and good cultivation. Manure, if thoroughly rotted and well worked into the soil, does not increase the disease. Planting in hills three feet apart each way, saves seed and labor in planting, hoeing, and digging, and where land is cheap, is undoubtedly the better plan; but planting in drills, three feet one way, and sets dropped from 12 to 15 inches in the row, will, provided the land is rich enough, produce a greater crop per acre.

Clover seed on winter wheat should be sown already. But we have sown it as late as the middle of May, and had a good crop. Much depends on the season and the condition of the land. We prefer to delay sowing until the ground is dry enough to harrow.

Grass and clover seeds should not be covered more than half an inch deep. Far more seed is lost from covering too deep than from being left wholly exposed to the surface. A fine, mellow soil is the great essential condition.

The roller is not as much used as it should be in the spring, though it is sometimes used where it does more harm than good. It is easier to break clods when wet than when dry, but if you can break them when dry, the pulverizing effect is far greater. Clayey land rolled when wet, forms a hard crust.

Horses, after their winter's rest, should be worked only moderately at first. Look to their shoulders, and wash them frequently with cold water.

Working oxen should be well carded every day, and be liberally fed. They have a much larger stomach than a horse, and do not need as concentrated food, but they require more time to eat.

Cows can hardly secure enough green grass for their support yet, and he is a fortunate farmer who has plenty of mangolds for them. But bran and good hay, with a good carding every day, to keep open the pores, will keep a milch cow in good condition, and prepare her for giving a large mess of milk when grass comes.

Raise your own calves, and let them have good care, nutritious food, and plenty of it, with the kindest treatment. Cows will be high again in a year or two. Good cows are always scarce.

Poultry.—Clean the house, sprinkle with crude carbolic acid and water. Carbolic soap, rubbed on to the roots, finds its way to the feathers, and kills the lice.

Sheep, like cows, in the northern latitudes, will hardly find grass enough yet. Nothing is better for sheep than clover hay. Let the breeding ewes have all they can eat. And those with a lamb at their side should have a pound of bran each per day, in addition, and a few roots, if they can be spared. Make a small pen in the yard, with slats about ten inches apart, or just wide enough to allow the lambs to go through, and put in a few small troughs, and keep the lambs supplied with oats, corn-meal, bran, and sliced roots. This is one secret of raising good lambs.

Pigs.—Last fall's pigs should have a liberal allowance of corn-meal and mangolds, to keep them growing rapidly till they can get clover.

Clean out the Cellar.—As health is the greatest of earthly blessings, cleaning the cellar from all decaying vegetables, and other impurities, is the most important work to be done now.

Whitewash the cellar walls, pig-pens, sheep-sheds, horse and cow stables.

A Sugar Plantation.

A party of Americans in Cuba, visited a sugar plantation. One of the party says: A turn in the road suddenly brought us in view of the cane field with the hands at work. Men, women, and children, negroes, and coolies, the men naked except as to the loins, were toiling amid the stalks, laying them low with each blow of the sickle. At distances of a few rods, figures in broad-brimmed hats, sat silently on horseback, with their long-lashed whips lying crossed on the saddles before them. These were the drivers, and their business was to see that the slaves lagged not in their labor. The place we visited was called Santa Rosa. It belongs to a son of the late Senor Aldama, President of the Cuban Junta in New York, and is under seizure, and run by the government. An administrator appointed by the Captain Generals and authorities is in charge, and occupies the fine mansion of the Aldamas with his own family. He is a Spaniard.

The administrator abandoned the breakfast-table when our party arrived, and after reading the letter of introduction politely offered to become our cicerone himself. Sugar making, though somewhat complicated in its various processes of grinding, boiling, refining, &c., is very simple in theory. The cane just cut on the plantation is carted to the grinding or mashing mill, through which it passes thoroughly pressed, the refuse being thrown out one way, while the juice runs into troughs, which convey it to the boiling-kettles. After going through the boiling operation the syrup is transferred to pans to cool and drain, and in time it hardens into sugar. It is ground to the pulverized state by another machine, and worked over by the laborers with hoes and scrapers before being finally put into hogsheads. The hoeing stage is not calculated to impress the visitor with a favorable idea of the cleanliness of his coffee sweetings. Negroes nearly naked and reeking with perspiration, trample over the sugar in their bare feet. "I know now," shrieked a lady of the party "Where the toe nails come from which we find in our brown sugar at home." Alas! it is too true. But then how unhappy we would all be if we knew exactly how everything we eat is prepared, and is it not better that we shut our eyes to the stern facts and accept the legendary "peck" without a murmur. There are about five hundred hands employed on the Aldama estate. 20 per cent. of them being coolies. They are worked sixteen hours per day during the gathering and grinding season. Sunday is a partial holiday. The finer work in the mill is done by the Chinamen. A Boston engineer has charge of the machinery, and there is another foreigner in the same department, an Englishman. The machinery is new and costly, and has the imprint of English and American makers.

AN EAGLE ATTEMPTS TO KIDNAP A CHILD.—Jacob Decker living near Rhode Lake, N. Y., has a little daughter about three years of age. One day while she was playing in the yard, her shouts attracted her mother. Going out Mrs. Decker found a large eagle attempting to carry off the little one. Almost frantic with fright she seized the child and rushed toward the house. No sooner had she caught the child in her arms than the eagle showed fight. It followed Mrs. Decker, pecking savagely at the child, several times touching her hair with its beak; but by running rapidly and shielding the child as best she could, she managed to reach the house in safety. Enraged at being thus cheated of its prey, the eagle flew against the door and beat furiously at the windows, as if determined to effect an entrance, until Mrs. Decker, fearing it might break in, hid her child in a closet for greater security. At night the bird flew away. Early the next morning the eagle again made its appearance. After flying wildly around, it perched upon a tree hard by the house, apparently awaiting an opportunity to renew the attack. As soon as she discovered the bird, Mrs. Decker notified the neighbors, and it was shot. It proved to be an American eagle, measuring seven feet between the tips of its wings.

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.—The multiplication table can scarcely be said to be a fountain whence poetic inspiration can be drawn. Yet the thing was done one hundred and sixty odd years ago, in a publication called *Ladies' Diary*, in which a mathematician "drops into poetry" in this style:

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age did hers as far exceed
As three times three does three.

In the year (1709) following the publication of this verse a solution of the sum, by a lady, was made as follows:

When first the solemn knot was tied
Your wife was just fifteen;
You by proportion forty-five,
Which is as three to nine.
But when your hoary head arrived
To ten and half ten more,
Your youthful bride saw thirty years,
And you could tell threescore.
Thus have I told, without delay,
What was your age o' th' marriage-day.

ANGRY ABOUT IT.—After long years of persistent persecution, the editor of the Indianapolis *Evening Journal* thus gives vent to his pent-up feelings: "Nothing so infuriates an editor—we speak from experience—as to have a great, loose-jointed galoot stride noiselessly into his sanctum, pick up a paper, rustle it for a moment, and then slam it down, creating an atmospheric concussion which scatters two hundred and seventy of his small clippings—the gleanings from seven hundred and forty exchanges—into the spittoon and waste-basket. The editor who can keep his brows from corrugating, and repress the convulsive contraction of his biceps, at such a time, is a spiritless milksop, whom it were base flattery to call a sheep."

Items of Interest.

A cow has died of hydrophobia in Maysville, Ky.

ONE planter sold in Petersburg, Va., 500 bales of cotton.

FOUR thousand men are engaged in this country in the production of steel.

CLERGYMEN must take out a license under the peculiar license law of South Carolina.

AT the Yarmouth mills, in Maine, brown paper is made from spruce logs in twenty-four hours.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S claim for income tax paid on his salary as President amounts to $4,694.66.

A. T. STEWART, of New York, says he will build the handsomest theater in the world on the Niblo site.

A CHURCH in Derby, Conn., has had nine pastors within eighteen years. It is not a Methodist church.

THERE has been great and unsual mortality throughout the burnt district of Wisconsin during the winter and spring.

PRESIDENT GRANT is expected to be present at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee in Madison, Wis., July 4.

THE proposed constitution for West Virginia, makes persons in the employ of railroads ineligible to the State Legislature.

IT is rumored in London that several of the Kurile Islands in the North Pacific are to be leased to the United States.

A PROMINENT business man in Milwaukee, Wis., has discovered that he is one of Anneke Jans's heirs, and he wants $3,000,000.

ONE hundred and fifty merino sheep, valued at $15,000 were shipped from Nashville, Tenn., via St. Louis, for San Francisco.

MAN-MILLINER Worth is said to have his hands so full of American customers that he has only a hand-full of French clients left.

SMALL POX seems to be once more gaining ground in New York city, and the vaccination corps have again been ordered on duty.

THE latest strike in Great Britain that has attracted public attention has been a strike of the servant girls in Dundee for higher wages.

CHICAGO recently shipped 1,930,114 bushels of grain in three days, which is doing pretty well for a city that was destroyed last October.

THE local Option Liquor bill was lost in the Upper House of the New York Legislature, not receiving the vote of a majority of the Senate.

HIS Majesty of Denmark is reported to have offered a prize of $1,000 for the best history of the United States since the close of the civil war.

A SAN FRANCISCO woman recently applied for a divorce on the ground that her husband had been for four years addicted to using opium.

TWO farmers in Michigan quarreled about a sheep a day or two ago, and one of them stabbed the other with a jackknife, inflicting a mortal wound.

CALIFORNIA papers speak enthusiastically of the growing crops. At least double the average production is expected from the agricultural regions this year.

IN Arlington, VT., dogs have destroyed seventy-five ewes, valued at $400, belonging to one farmer alone, and many flocks have been scattered and driven to the mountains.

THE total number of hogs packed in the West during the past season was 4,782,413, an increase of 1,159,413, over the previous year. The cost of the hogs was $65,800,000.

JAMAICA is becoming a perfect asylum for American invalids. Every vessel brings numbers to the island; not even the prospect of a summer in the tropics deterring them.

NEARLY every farm in Western Oneida county, N. Y., affords bright clear springs and fine streams for trout, and there is nothing to prevent every farmer from engaging in fish culture.

ENGLISH law compels a married woman if she has money or the means of making it and her lord has none, to support him, be he ever so worthless, that the expense of his keeping may not come upon the parish.

THE Washington *Chronicle* says that a resident of New York city applied a day or two since for the interest on $200,000 worth of bonds, on which interest ceased to accumulate on the 1st of December last.

GOV. PARKER, of New Jersey, has issued a proclamation on the fishing question, claiming jurisdiction over that part of the Delaware River between the States of Delaware and New Jersey, which is easterly on the middle line of said river.

A DETROIT man had just painted his house black, his doors a bright red, and the window-sash a sky-blue. The picket fence is to be red, white and blue, and then he expects to have a place that will attract attention.

GREAT excitement prevails among steamboat men at Milwaukee, Wis. The boats of nearly all the lines have been stopped by the United States Supervising Inspectors, thus making a complete blockade in the freight business.

THE first sensations in the ball-field were the defeat of the Bostons by the Athletics of Philadelphia, by a score of 10 to 7; and the defeat of the Baltimore nine by the Mutuals of this city, after playing ten innings, by a score of 11 to 9.

MELBOURNE has suffered severely from enormous floods. Four hundred people have been drowned. Added to this fearful loss of life, great destitution is looked forward to by the citizens, as the growing crops have been almost destroyed.

THE master of the schooner Oliver Bridge reported: 150 miles from Cape Ann, fell in with and boarded a schooner from Yarmouth, almost under water, with both masts lying across the deck. The dead bodies of two men were found in the cabin.

THE Rev. E. P. Wadham, for the past 22 years a priest in Albany diocese, was consecrated Bishop of Ogdensburg at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Albany, by Archbishop McCloskey of New York, assisted by several other bishops from various sections of the country.

A DISPATCH from Holden, Mo., says: "There is the best assurance for saying that, if the Sheriff of Cass County fails to perform his duty, the United States authorities will arrest the assassins of Stephenson, Cline, and Dubrol, in the face of Gov. Brown's proclamation.

ADVICES from Zanzibar have been received. This island had been visited by a terrible hurricane. One hundred and fifty vessels of all classes were sunk or stranded on the coast. The town of Zanzibar was very badly damaged, and the losses was estimated at $10,000,000.

CATERPILLARS stopped railroad trains at various points near Memphis by lying on the track in vast numbers. The woods on the river banks opposite that city are literally stripped clean of their recent green foliage, and the same condition is reported of other localities in that section.

THE St. Paul (Minn.) *Press* says that notwithstanding the fact that the stream of immigration has commenced pouring into the State at an earlier date than was ever before known, the demand for skilled labor is not more than half supplied, and many are complaining of their inability to secure help when it is most urgently needed.

A LETTER from Mr. Wendell Philips was read at the meeting of the Reform League in New York, in which the eloquent agitator expressed prophetically that the coming campaign would be the last in which the Democratic and Republican parties, as such, would engage. "Whichever party succeeds," he says, "both die in the effort."

THE experiment of causing the engines to play upon a disorderly mob in order to disperse it was not very successful when tried last week in a town of South Russia. The people resented the insult by attacking the police and demolishing the fire station. The troops were then called out and were stoned, whereupon some of the citizens were shot and the rest decamped.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

Climbing the Mountain of Rhigi—Sunset and Sunrise as Seen From the Summit —A Swiss Locomotive—Lake of Como, etc., etc.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we took the boat for Weggis, where we arrived in half an hour. We found horses and guides waiting for us, and mounting our steeds, started off for the ascent of the Rhigi. The sun was fearfully hot as we drew near the top, but apart from the heat, the day was delightful, and the view grew more charming every moment. The path was well made, about five feet in width, graveled, and where it was requisite, protected by a hand rail. First we went through orchards, and after leaving them began to climb up the mountain. Sometimes across meadows, then again across the face of the rocks, down which came streams of water; sometimes under the cliffs of conglomerate pudding stone; once through a natural archway or tunnel formed by two enormous masses of stone, under whose friendly shelter "the best of her sex" and myself were glad to seek refuge for a few moments from the heat of the sun. But, as the longest lane has a turning, so the highest mountain has a top, and in company with a crowd of equestrians and pedestrians, we rode up to the door of the Hotel du Rhigi-Koulm, thoroughly tired out and exhausted with our ride. After getting off our gallant steed, we felt as though we would be obliged to take our meals off of a mantlepiece, standing, for several days, our equestrian exercise not agreeing with us. To use the language of A. Ward, horseback riding up a side hill "is not our forte." We found our telegram sent the day previous had been received, and our room was ready for us. After taking a survey of our quarters for the night, we walked to the brow of the mountain to view the scenery. The summit was covered with people, all attracted by one common object—to view the setting sun. The view is said to embrace a circuit of nearly three hundred miles. It is said that eleven lakes can be seen from the top of Rhigi, but we were only able to count nine. The Lake of the Four Cantons is so close to the foot of the mountain we were on, that it seemed as it a stone might be thrown into it without any exertion. Just as the sun was going down, an indifferent performer on the Alpine horn, an instrument about seven feet long, awoke the echoes, and sorely tried the temper of his hearers by his ill-timed and unmusical exertions. The evening was comparatively clear, and it afforded us an excellent view of a perfectly clear horizon and a most magnificent panorama. Mountains were to be seen on every hand. Snow-clad summits, each with its name and history, and at our feet, apparently, were towns, villages and lakes, although they were in reality many miles away from us. After the sun had set for us, we could yet see it lighting up the snow-capped tops of some of the loftiest mountains of the Alps. Gradually it became darker and darker, the mist commenced rolling up from the valley, and as the air became damp and chilly, we all returned to the hotel to partake of the supper for which all had excellent appetites. We retired early, so as to get all the rest possible, as we would be obliged to be up by 3:30 A. M. to see the sun rise. There was a notice in the room requesting the guests "not to take the blankets off the bed when going out to see the sun rise."

Half an hour before sunrise (3 A. M.) we were awakened by the sound of the Alpine horn, which was blown by the performer of the previous evening, through all the hallways of the hotel. At the first sound of it we were up and dressed in a few moments, and were out on the summit long before many of the disciples of Zoroaster were out of bed. All was noise, bustle and confusion. Time, represented by the sun, waits for no man, and that fact being patent to every one in the hotel, the result was that some very singular toilettes were to be seen, the principal costume of the ladies being waterproof cloaks, that covered a multitude of shortcomings in the toilette. Many stood, watch in hand, waiting for the first appearance of the great luminary. They reminded me of the story of the countryman who had just purchased a watch, and was waiting, as we were, to see the sun rise. After looking at his watch a few moments and then turning his gaze to the east, he remarked to a friend who stood near him, "Wall, if the sun is not up in five minutes, he's late." He evidently had more faith in that watch than he had in the sun itself. As we stood waiting, the crowd kept coming out of the hotel, and many were seen struggling up the hill who had been obliged to sleep at the hotel further down the mountain side, not being able to procure accommodations at the Rhigi-Koulm. For the time being, the great hotel was without a guest. We should judge there were about three hundred persons on the summit at sunrise. Just as the first faint streak of light in the east proclaimed the birth of another day, a party of Swiss peasants, male and female, commenced singing a hymn which sounded very sweetly. As the sun rose higher, the horizon began to redden over the eastern range of mountains, and then the dawn stole on in such a succession of deepening tints that nothing but the hues of the preceding sunset could be compared to it. But there is this great difference between sunrise and sunset, that the hues of sunset are every moment deepening as you look upon them, until they fade into darkness, while those of the sunrise gradually fade into the light of day. It is difficult to say which is the most beautiful. The object most conspicuous as the dawn broke, and indeed the most exquisitely beautiful, was the vast, enormous range of snowy mountains of the Oberland, standing out sharp and clear upon the horizon, undimmed by cloud or mist, the Finsteraarhorn at the left and the Jungfrau and Silberhorn at the right, peak after peak and mass after mass glittering with an arctic whiteness in the gray dawn. One-half of the circumference of the horizon, before and behind our view, was filled with these peaks and masses of snow and ice, then lower down the masses of bare rock, and lower still the earth with mounds of verdure. It is on this section of the horizon, which is filled with the vast range of the Oberland Alps, then almost due west from the sun's first appearance, it is on their tops that the rising rays first strike. As the sun rose higher and higher, the forests, lakes, hills, towns and villages began to reveal themselves. At last the sun suddenly burst forth from behind the mountains in all its majesty, flooding the whole of the superb landscape with light and warmth. We took another view of the lovely panorama before us and then returned to the hotel to breakfast.

At 7 o'clock we mounted our horses and slowly and carefully made our way down the mountain to the railroad depot, which is situated nearly a mile below the hotel. We purchased tickets to Vitznau, which is the terminus of the road, and after waiting until time was up, commenced the descent of the mountain. The engine which drew the car in which we were seated looked like a huge iron bottle, standing on a low platform, which carries cylinders, cranks and other locomotive gear, and is much lower at one end than at the other. This difference of height imparts an awkwardness of appearance, and the immense bottle, which is, in fact, the boiler and chimney, leans to one side, as if about to fall. When the engine ascends the mountain, the floor becomes level and the boiler is on the perpendicular. In front of the boiler is a railed place, in which baggage is carried. The engineer and fireman stand, as usual, in the rear, and the fuel is coal. The car we were in was about ten feet wide, with nine seats placed transversely, and when filled would hold about sixty passengers, who find their comfort cared for in the shape of the seats. The car is open on all sides, something like the Third avenue excursion cars in New York, which enabled us to have an excellent view of the scenery. The cars and locomotives are built at Olten, a busy centre of Swiss industry. The railway guage is five feet; the sleepers are longitudinal and continuous, as on our city railway tracks. Between the two rails is what may be termed a heavy iron ladder, with thick steps. On this ladder the locomotive walks, by means of a heavy cogged wheel, fitted beneath the floor of it. There are no trains, unless a single car and engine can be called one. In ascending the road, the engine is behind the car and pushes it, instead of pulling it up hill. Passengers who are nervous had better sit in the middle of the car, so as to avoid the sight of the gulfs and precipices over which the railway passes. The finest view either ascending or descending is on the right hand side. The speed is about twice as fast as ordinary walking. As soon as we left the depot, a signal man started off ahead of the engine with a red flag in his hand and a bugle swung at his side, and ran before of us all the way to Vitznau. His principal business is to see that no obstructions have fallen from the upper slopes on the track, and especially to pick out any stones that may have fallen on the steps of the iron ladder or cog-way. Travelers who have been up Mount Righi know that it is a mass of pudding, with millions of stones for plums. Hence, constant watchfulness is necessary, for a stone in the cog-way might probably throw the engine from the track. We noticed way-watchers at short distances apart, whose duty it was to see the track was in good order, and each of whom is responsible for his section of the road. As an additional precaution against accident, each car is fitted with an exceedingly strong brake. The line stretches in one continuous slope up the mountain, with but slight departures from a straight line, and is very similar to the one on Mount Washington in the White Mountains. There are no zig-zags, as on the road over Mount Cenis. Half way down the mountain the engine stopped at a water tank to take in water. We then slowly but surely descended, and in a short time were at the end of the road. About 10 A. M. the steamboat stopped at the wharf on its way from Luzerne to Fluelen, to which place we purchased tickets after getting on board.

The Lake of the Four Cantons is one of the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes, and the sail on it was one of great enjoyment. After leaving Vitznau, the mountains, with few exceptions, came sheer down to the water's edge, as on the Lake of Como. The length of the lake is about twenty-five miles, and is distinguished above every lake in Switzerland, perhaps in Europe, by the beauty of its scenery. It is hardly less interesting from the historical recollections connected with it. Its shores are to all Americans, classic ground—the sanctuary of liberty. On them took place those memorable events which gave freedom to Switzerland. Here the first confederacy was formed; and, above all, its borders were the scene of the heroic deeds and signal vengeance of William Tell. B. M.

Intelligence of Cows.

An agricultutral writer remarks that while traveling in Italy, several years ago, he happened to stop at a farm-house one afternoon, when the cows were about to be milked. He speaks as follows of the intelligence of cows: "A herd of over one hundred were grazing homeward. The women took their position with stools and pails close to the house, and as the cows approached names were called out, which at first we thought addressed to the milkmaids. Rosa, Florenza, Giulia, Sposa, and many names which were not noted by us at the time, were called out by the overseer or one of the women, and the writer was astonished to see cow after cow cease feeding or chewing the cud, and make direct, sometimes at trot, for the woman that usually milked. The practice, we found, was not confined to one farm; all the cows on each farm knew their respective names, and took up their positions in the open fields just as readily as the individual members of some large herds in this country, turning from the fields, take up their places in the sheds."

The Poughkeepsie *Press*, speaking of this same subject—the intelligence of cows—says: "One of our farmer subscribers recently purchased an excellent cow and put her in the yard with others. His help went out at night to milk, as usual, and set down before one of the other cows. No sooner, however, had he done so than the new comer made for him and drove him from his seat, nor would she let him proceed with the milking. The proprietor's attention was called to the strange conduct of his new purchase, whom his man considered dangerous. Mr. P. went into the yard and began to soothe the animal with gentle handling, and then sat down to milk her, when he found her as meek as a lamb. After that she was perfectly satisfied if she was milked first, but no one must presume to slight her in this respect. She holds literally in her own case, to the scriptural mention, "that the last shall be first."

AN UNPROFITABLE BOARDER. — The Weldon (N.C.) *News* says:—A most marvelous feat of eating, and one that seems almost incredible, but which is vouched for by a dozen witnesses, occurred in this place, a few night's since. One Tom Weaver, colored, a rather small man, and seemingly of ordinary eating capacities, was induced to eat a good "square meal" at Noah Hicks', some other party agreeing to pay seventy-five cents for as much as he could eat. The following amount of eatables were actually devoured by him, and, upon a wager, will be eaten again at any time, an hour and a half being occupied in the arduous duty. "Twenty-four pounds of ham, two pounds of sausages, one pound of butter, fifty two biscuits, twenty-one cups of coffee, one pound of roast meat, three and a half dozen eggs, one quart of oysters, and taking six drinks of whiskey, and one quart of cider in the meantime, and immediately afterward eating an ordinary snack obtained elsewhere,

INEXPENSIVE ORNAMENTS.—There is no ornament inside or out of our house so cheap and tasteful as plants and flowers. Few pause to regard the architecture of your rooms or your house, but the beauty of flowery shrubs, or the living arabesque of a thrifty creeper over your door, are lessons of taste and beauty. Indeed, suburban residences are sadly deficient without these simple and beautiful accessories, always within the reach of taste and refinement, no matter how empty the purse. As the real necessities of life require the least expenditure of time and money, so the objects which tend truly to satisfy the love of the beautiful in nature, are within the reach of our humblest children.—*Missouri Democrat.*

DANGEROUS.—It is dangerous for a wooer who is not exactly in earnest to brag of his property. The English newspapers tell of a farmer at Leeds, who, not long ago, was mulcted in the sum of £400 for not marrying a young woman after he had promised to do so. His attorney, seeking for a reduction of damages in the Common Pleas, declared that £400 was more than all the property the defendant had in the world. But, unfortunately, it had appeared in evidence that the farmer, while paying his courts to the plaintiff, had told her that he was worth £2,000. This admission did not help his case at all; and all lovers who are not sure of keeping their word are warned to be careful how they boast about their property.

A Pulaski bride for several days recently was the subject of constant attacks from an unseen foe. Whenever she was in the vicinity of a window or near the door, stones flung by invisible hands would come crashing through the glass, or the door would open and a rock fly in. She was wounded severely by these mysterious missives in various parts of the body, and finally each attack would throw her into convulsions. Her persecutor is supposed to be a young man of that city whom she jilted.

A Philadelphia editor, who exclaims against people calling on him who have nothing to do and nothing to say, and think that he has nothing to write, and are fond of nothingness in general, puts the following in the front page: "We have rented an office in the top of the shot tower, and have planted torpedoes and spring-guns all the way up the stairs."

UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

SENATE.

Mr. Trumbull offered the Amnesty bill, but it was rejected, by a vote of 23 to 22. Mr. Sumner called up his Civil Rights bill as an amendment, which was also again rejected. The Election bill passed by a vote of 36 to 17.

The Senate passed the Baltimore and Potomac Depot bill after rejecting several amendments which were offered to it. Various bills were reported by the Committees on Indian Affairs and on Public Lands. A resolution to erect an equestrian statue to the late Gen. Rawlins was also reported.

The Senate discussed at length the report of the conference committee on the Deficiency bill, and passed it by a vote of 35 to 34.

HOUSE.

The House passed the Fortification bill, Mr. Niblack showing that the harbors of the country were many of them in an almost defenceless condition. The bill provides for an appropriation of $1,985,000 altogether, variously distributed.

An amendment of Butler's, removing political disabilities from all who participated in the rebellion, except the members of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, officers in the judicial, military, and navy services, heads of departments, and foreign ministers, was passed.

To a question of Mr. Roosevelt as to whether he would support Mr. Greeley in the event of his indorsement by the Baltimore Convention, Mr. Voorhees who was addressing the House at the time replied that he was not the habit of voting against Democratic nominations and would stand by the man who represented the principles of the Democratic party.

In the House the Tariff bill was discussed. The article of quinine was set down for a ten per cent. tax. The book and paper question next came up, and the duty was placed at twelve and a half cents per pound, with some exceptions, which go on the free list. An effort to have the House adjourn until the last Thursday in November, was decided out of order, and the House determined to adjourn sine die on the 3d of June.

The mission to the Central American states being retained by the Senate appropriation bill, Mr. Brooks and others objected to it, and it was rejected.

A resolution offered by Mr. Beck, making one third of the customs duties receivable in legal tender notes, was passed. Quinine was placed on the free list.

Cattle in Texas.

Cattle-raising in Texas is characterized by features peculiar to that State. The business is principally in the hands of comparatively a few men, who conduct their operations on a scale of great magnitude. In 1860 10,000 head of cattle constituted a large stock; now 25,000 and 30 000 are not uncommonly owned by one man, while in the brands of some individuals are included as many as 50,000 and 60,000. It is said that an unassuming Irishman named T. O'Conner, living in Refugio county, is the largest cattle-owner in Texas. He does not know precisely how many he owns, but his stock is estimated at about 60,000. In Texas when a calf is weaned from its dam and cannot be identified as the property of anybody, it becomes the chattel of whoever first brands it. This gives a great advantage to the large owners, as small stock raisers are not able to employ the necessary labor to keep their stock branded up, and what they lose usually becomes incorporated in the herds of wealthier men. During the war, when nearly all the able-bodied men in the State were in the army, the wealthy stock owners employed Mexican vaqueros, who were exempt from the draft, to look after their herds, while the cattle belonging to poor men strayed wherever they liked. The consequence was that the small stocks became to a great extent absorbed in the larger ones. Over one million cattle were shipped or driven from Texas during the past year, but the trade is in a very depressed condition now. Owing to the low rates paid in the Northern markets, a great proportion of the droves started last year have been held over and wintered in Kansas, waiting improvement in prices. Several million dollars' worth of cattle, it is estimated, have been driven over the line into Mexico by organized bands of thieves.

NEW YORK DRY GOODS MARKET.

The New York Dry Goods Market continues without important change, though the retail demand has somewhat improved since our previous review. Many houses are left with good stocks on hand, especially in cottons, and a falling off in prices is anticipated.

Woolen goods market remains quiet, slow of sale and nominal.

Brown sheetings and shirtings are in light request.

A reduction is noticed of 2½c. per yard on Pepperrell wide goods.

In bleached sheetings and shirtings the demand is restricted to the limited requirements.

Stripes and ticks are without especial animation. Prices remain firm.

Printing cloths are firm at 7⅞c. for 64x64's on the spot.

In prints, the market lacks buoyancy. "Dolly Varden" styles are in good demand.

Thin dress goods are active.

Fine silks for summer wear are in active demand.

Linens are dull.

White goods are in request. Other goods are strong.

BRAIN STIMULANTS.—Human beings are the only ones that crave and contract a love for stimulants. It is hardly possible to make any animal take spirits of any kind. If compelled to do so, a morbid appetite for it is not developed as in man. However thirsty, they will resist the finest artificial drinks. Water is the only fluid which they demand, and fond as some of them may be of milk, water is with them a positive necessity. Brain excitement—something that quickens the nervous system—has always been found with every race of people. If they have no ingenuity in any way that betters their condition physically, they have a way of exhilirating themselves. They ferment the juice of fruits, the sap of plants, make teas of an intoxicating quality, or lastly, like the Tartars on the borders of the Caspian Sea, who have no vegetables that meet that morbid demand, make themselves mere savages by acidified mare's milk. It is a marvel in the constitution of humanity that this propensity for excitement by artificial means should be so general all over the world. Civilization does not overcome it; laws only hold it slightly in check; moral suasion is a feeble instrumentality and the question mooted is—what is the next move to be?

The Magazines.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for May has several beautifully illustrated articles; stories and sketches; a racy account of an Odd Fellow's travels in Ireland; Rumors of the Day; Choice Poetry; Editorial description of Mount Vernon; Departments for the home circle and Daughters of Rebekah; Scientific and Curious Facts; Agricultural and State Departments; all the news of the Order, &c., &c. This publication has a greater variety of first-class miscellaneous reading than any other magazine published. $2.50 a year, including a superb premium picture. Address A. O. F. Association, No. 87 Park Row, New York.

No RAILROAD COMPANY in the Country is making stronger efforts to keep up with the wants of the traveling public, than the Eastern, which in connection with other prominent lines forms a through channel of travel from Boston through Maine and the provinces. The road is supplied with the handsomest parlor and sleeping coaches and no efforts are spared to make travelers comfortable and happy on the line. The Eastern takes passengers from Boston to Bangor without change of cars. COL. GEORGE F. FIELD, the Gen. Passenger Agent of the Company, No. 134 Washington St., Boston, will be pleased to give travelers all desired information about lines and routes.

A well-to-do farmer in Peabody, Mass, had a daughter die of consumption recently, and to save expense dug the grave himself; and, after the funeral service at the house, placed his hoe and shovel in the hearse, and when the coffin was deposited, took his tools and filled the grave.

The Duluth *Herald* apologizes for having advised a married man to get married. It thought he was a widower.

We clip the following from the Troy (N. Y.) *Whig*:

Some three months since Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., commenced advertising in the *Whig*, an article called "Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy." We believed at that time it was one of the many catch penny arrangements to swindle people out of their money, but during the past few weeks have become convinced to the contrary. We know of several prominent citizens who have suffered from that loathsome disease "Catarrh," and they pronounce Dr. Sage's Remedy no humbug, and in several instances have been entirely